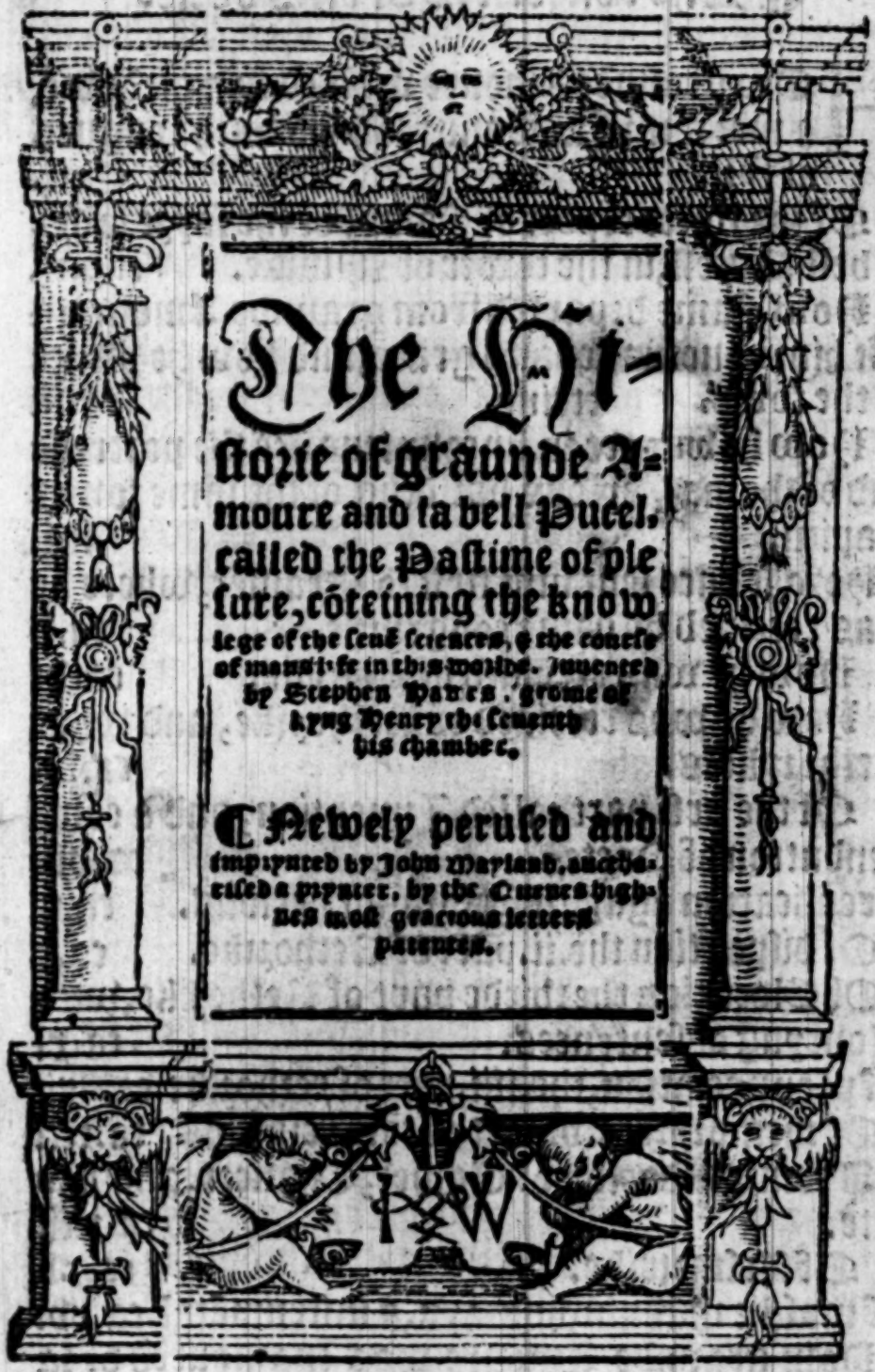
The Hi-
ſtorie of graunde Amoure and la bell Pucel, called the Paſtime of pleſure, cõteining the knowlege of the ſeuē ſciences, & the courſe of mannis life in this worlde. Inuented by Stephen Hawes, grome of kyng Henry the ſeuenth his chamber.

Newely peruſed and imprynted by John Wayland, auctheriſed a prynter, by the Quenes highnes moſt gracious letters patentes.



¶ The contentes of this boke.

How graunde Amoure walked in a medowe, & met with Fame enuyzonned with tongues of fyze. ¶a.i.

Of the ſwete repoꝛt of Fame, of the fayze ladye la bell Pucell, in the tower of Muſike. cap.ii.

How Fame departed from graunde Amoure, & left him gouernaũce and grace, and how he wente to the tower of doctrine. ca.iii

How he was let in by countenaũce the poꝛtreſſe and of the maꝛueylous building of the ſame tower Capitu. iiii.

How ſcience ſent him firſt to Gramer, where he was receiued by daime congruitie. ca.v

How he was receiued of Logyke. ca.vi

How he was receiued of Rethoꝛike, and what Rethoꝛyke is. ca.vii

Of the firſt paꝛt called Inuention, and a commendation of Poetes. ca.viii

A replication agaynſt ignoꝛaunt perſons. ca.ix

Of diſpoſition the.ii.part of Rethoꝛike. ca.x

Of Elocucion the thirde part of Rethoꝛike, with colouryng of ſentences. ca.xi

Of pꝛonunciation, the.iiii.part of rethoꝛike.ca. xii

Of memoꝛy, the.v.part of rethoꝛike. ca.xiii

A commendation of Gower, Chaucer, and Lidgate. ca.xiiii

Of Arſmetrike. ca.xv

Of muſike mũdain, humayn, & inſtrumẽtal.ca.xvi

How graunde Amoure was enamoured of la bell Pucell in the tower of muſyke, and met wyth counſayle in a temple. ca.xvii

Of

Of the dolorous and lowly disputation betwene la bell Pucell, and graunde Amoure. ca.xviii
How la bell Pucell graunted graunde Amoure loue, and of her dispiteous departage. ca.xix
Of the great sorow that graunde Amour made after her departynge, and of the wordes of Counsayle. ca.xx
How graunde amoure went to Geometrye, and what Geometry is. ca.xxi
Of dame Astronomy. ca.xxii
Of the direct operations of nature. ca.xxiii
Of the fiue internal wyttes. ca.xxiiii
Of the hye influences of the superaall bodyes. Capitu. xxv.
How graund amoure departed from the tower of science, & went to the tower of chyualry, where he was let in by fortitude. ca.xxvi
Of the marueylous argument, betwene Mars and Fortune. ca.xxvii
How Mynerue ledde graunde amoure to kyng Melyzyus, whiche made him knyght. ca.xxviii
How he departed from kyng Melyzyus, w hys greyhoundes, and attendaunce hys barlet, & met with false report, that chaunged his name to Godfrey gobilyue. ca.xxix
How graunde amoure in the temple of Venus made his supplication. ca.xxx.
The copy of the letter that Venus sent to la bel Pucell. ca.xxxi
How Godfrey gobiliue was taken of Correction and punished. ca.xxxii
How graunde Amoure discõfited the gyaunt w thre heades, & was receiued w.iii. ladyes. ca.xxxiii

How he met with Perceueraũce, & repoſed him in the manour place of dame comfort. ca.xxxiiii
How he vainquiſhed a gyaũt with ſeuen heads and was receiued of ſeuen ladyes. ca.xxxv
How he made oblation to the goddeſſe Pallas, and ſayled ouer the tempeſteous floude. ca.xxxvi
How he diſcomfited the wonderfull monſter of the.vii.metalles made by enchaũtment. ca.xxxvii
How he was receiued of la bel Pucel. ca.xxxviii
The mariage of graunde Amoure, and la bell Pucell. ca.xxxix
How whẽ graunde Amour had liued long with la bell Pucell, was areſted by age, that brought to him policye and auarice. ca.xl
How he was areſted by death. ca.xli
Howe remembraunce made his epitaphy on his graue. ca.xlii
How Fame came into the temple with burnyng tongues, and of her praiſe. ca.xliii
How Time came into the temple in a marueylous ſimilitude, and of his replication. ca.xliiii
How Eternitie came into the temple, and of her vertuous exhortation. ca.xlv
The exculation of the Auethour. ca.xlvi.

¶ To the Reader.

SIthe that all menne for the moſt part by a naturall inclination, deſire rather to ſpend their dayes in pleaſure and delectable paſtimes, then in paineful ſtudyes and tedious labours. And yet neuertheles by the ſecrete inſpiracion of almighty God (all men in general) ſo inſaciately thirſteth for the knowledge of wiſdome and learnyng, that ſome for very earneſt deſire therof (thoughe nature grudgeth) ceaſe not to ſpend their dayes and houres, with ſuche cõtinuall and impoꝛtunate trauayle in ſekynge the ſame, that hauyng no regarde to the ouer pꝛeſſyng of Nature, in ſearchynge with all diligence for the true vaine of knowledge, do ſodainely bꝛyng forth their owne confuſion. Some contrariwiſe (whom nature to muche ruleth) beyng diſcomforted wyth painefull & tedious ſtudy, rather chooſe to be dꝛowned in the ſtinkyng floude of ignoꝛaunce, thẽ wyth ſo muche ſweate and paynes, to ſayle (wyth a by wynde) into the pleaſaunt Iſlande of wiſdome and ſcience, which thing cõſidered (moſt gentle Reader) I offer here vnto the for thy better inſtruction this little volume, conteynynge and treatyng vpon the ſeuen liberall ſciences, & the whole courſe of mans lyfe, firſte compiled & deuiſed by Stephen Hawes gentleman, grome of the chamber to the famous Pꝛynce and ſeconde Salomon, kynge Henrye the ſeuenth. A man (as by his woꝛckes appeareth) of a pleaſaunte wytte, and ſinguler learnynge, wherin thou ſhalt finde at one tyme, wiſdome and

learnyng, with myrthe and solace. So that herein thou mayest easelye fynde (as it were in pastyme) wythout offence of nature that thyng, and in short space, whiche many great clarkes wythout great paynes and trauayle, & long continuaunce of time heretofore coulde neuer obteyne nor get, which as it was firste entituled by the Aucthoure, to be the pastime of pleasure, and vnder the same title so dedicated to the sayed worthye Prynce, by the Aucthoure therafter so shalt thou good reader wyth deliberate readyng therof, fynde it not onely the Pastyme of pleasure, but also of profite.

Fare wel.

To the high and mighty Prince, Henry the seuẽth, by thẽ grace of God, kyng of Englande, and of Fraunce, Lorde of Irelande, &c.

(*:*)

RIght mighty prince, & redoubted souerayn
Sayling forthe well, in the shyp of grace
Ouer the waues of this life vncertayne,
Ryght towarde heauen, to haue dwellyng place
Grace dothe you guyde, in euery doubtfull case
Your gouernaunce, doth euer more eschewe
The synne of slouthe, enemy to vertue.

Grace

Grace ſtirreth well, the grace of god is great
Whych you hath brought to your ryall ſe,
And in your ryght, it hath you ſurely ſette
Aboue vs all, to haue the ſouerayntie:
Whoſe worthy power, and regall dygnitie
All our rancour, and our debate gan ceaſe
And hath vs brought, both welthe, reſt, and peace.

From whom dyſcendeth, by the ryghtful lyne
Noble prynce Henry, to ſuccede the crowne
That in his youth, doth ſo clearely ſhyne
In euery vertue, caſting the bryce adowne:
He ſhall of fame, attayne the hye renowne
No doubte but grace, ſhall hym well encloſe
Whych by true ryght, ſprang of the red roſe.

Your noble grace, and excellent hyenes
For to accepte I beſeche ryght humbly,
Thys little boke, oppreſt wyth rudenes
Without rethoryke, or colour crafty:
Nothynge I am experte in poetry,
As the monke of Bury, floure of eloquence
Which was in the time of great excellence,

Of your predeceſſour, the .v. kyng Henry,
Unto whoſe grace, he dyd preſent
Ryght famous bokes, of parfit memory:
Of hys fayuyng wyth termes eloquent.
Whoſe fatall ficcions, are yet permanent.
Grounded on reaſon, wyth cloudy fygures
He cloked the trouth of al his ſcriptures.

The

The light of trouth, I lacke cunnyng to cloke
To drawe a curtayne, I dare not to presume
Nor hyde my matter, with a misty smoke
My rudenes cunnyng, dothe so sore consume
yet as I may, I shall blowe out a fume
To hyde my mynde, vnderneth a fable
By couert coloure, well and probable.

Beseechyng your grace, to pardon mine ignorauncе
Whiche this fayned fable, to eschue idlenes
Haue so compiled, nowe without doubtaunce
For to present, to your hye worthines
To folowe the trace, and all the perfitenes
Of my master Lydgate, with due exercise
Suche fayned tales, I do fynde and deuise.

For vnder a coloure, a truthe may arise
As was the guise, in olde antiquitye
Of the Poetes olde, a tale to surmise
To cloke the trouthe, of their infirmitye
Or yet on ioye, to haue moralitye
I me excuse, if by necligence
That I do offende, for lacke of science.

Your graces most bouden seruaũt Stephen Hawes, one of the gromes of your maiesties Chamber, the.xxi. yeare of your prosperous raygne.

Howe graund Amour walked in a medowe, and met with Fame, enuironed with tongues of fire. Chap. i.

(✠✠)

When Phebus entred was, in Geminy
Shinyng aboue, in his fayre golde spere
And horned Dyane, then but one degre
In the crabbe had entred, fayre & cleare
When that auroza, did well appeare
In the depured ayre, and cruddy firmament
Forthe then I walked, without impediment

In to a medowe bothe gaye and glorious
Whiche Flora depainted with many a colour
Like a place of pleasure most solacious
Encensyng out, the aromatike odoure
Of zepherus breathe, whiche that euery floure
Throughe his fume, dothe alwaie engender
So as I went among the floures tender

By sodaine chaunce, a faire pathe I founde
On whiche I loked, and right oft I mused
And then all about, I behelde the grounde
With the faire pathe, whiche I sawe so vsed
My chaunce or fortune, I nothing refused
But in the pathe, forth I went a pace
To knowe whither, and vnto what place

It wouldde me bryng, by any similitude
So forth I went, were it ryght or wrong
Tyll that I sawe, of royall pulcritude
Before my face, an ymage fayre and strong
With two fayre handes, stretched out along
Unto two hye wayes, there in partition
And in the right hande, was this description

This is the strayght waye of contemplacion
Unto the ioyfull tower perdurable
Who that wyll walke, vnto that mancion
He must forsake, all thynges variable
With the vayne glory, so muche deceyuable
And though the way, be hard & daũgerous
The last ende therof, shalbe ryght precious.

And in the other hande, ryght fayre wrytten was
This is the waye, of worldly dignitye
Of the actiue lyfe, who wyll in it passe
Unto the tower, of fayre dame beautye
Fame shal tell hym, of the way in certaintye
Unto la bell pucell, the fayre lady excellent
Aboue all other, in cleare beauty splendent.

I behelde ryght well, bothe the wayes twayne
And mused oft, whyche was best to take
The one was sharpe, the other was more plaine
And vnto my selfe, I began to make
A sodayne argument, for I myght not slake
Of my great musyng, of this royall ymage
And of these two wayes, so muche in vsage

For thys goodly picture was in altitude,

Nyne

Nyne fote and more, of fayre marble stone
Ryght well fauoured, and of great altitude
Thoughe it were made, full many yeres agone
Thus stode I musynge, my selfe all alone
By right long tyme, but at the last I went
The actyue way, with all my whole entent

Thus all alone, I began to trauayle
Forthe on my waye, by long continuaunce
But often times, I had great maruayle
Of the by pathes, so full of pleasaunce
Whiche for to take, I had great doubtaunce
But euermore, as nere as I myght
I toke the waye, whiche went before me right

And at the laste, when Phebus in the west
Gan to auayle, with all his beames merye
When cleare Dyana, in the fayre southest
Gan for to ryse, lightyng our emispery
With clowdes cleare, wythout the stormy pery
Me thought a farre, I had a vysyon
Of a picture, of marueylous facyon.

To whiche I went, without lenger delaye
Beholdyng well, the right faire portayture
Made of fine copper, shydyng faire and gaye
Full well truely, accordyng to measure
And as I thought, nine fote of stature
Yet in the breast, with letters fayre and blewe
Was written, a sentence olde and true

This is the waye, and the sytuacion

Unto the toure, of famous doctrine
Who that will learne, muſt be ruled by reaſon
And with all his diligence, he muſt encline
Slouthe to eſchue, and for to determine
And ſet his hert, to be intelligible
To a willyng herte, is nought impoſſible

Beſide the ymage, I adowne me ſette
After my laboure, my ſelfe to repoſe
Till at the laſt, with a gaſpyng nette
Slouth my head caught, with his whole purpoſe
It bayled not, the bodye for to diſpoſe
Againſte the heade, when it is applied
The heade muſt rule, it can not be denied

Thus as I ſatte, in a deadly ſlomber
Of a great horne, I hearde a royall blaſt
With which I awoke, and had a great wonder
From whence it came, it made me ſore agaſt
I loked about, the night was well nere paſt
And fayre golden Phebus, in the morow graye
With clowdes redde, began to breake the daye

I ſawe come ridyng, in a baley farre
A goodly Ladye, enuironned about
With tongues of fire, as bright as any ſtarre
That fiery flambes, enſenſed alway out
Whiche I beheilde, and was in great doubt
Her Palfrey ſwift, rennyng as the winde
With two white greyhoūds, that were not behind

When that theſe greyhoundes, had me ſo eſpied
With faunyng chere, of great humilitie

In goodly haste, they fast vnto me hied
I mused why, and wherfore it shoulde be
But I welcomed them, in euery degree
They leaped oft, and were of me right faine
I suffred them, and cherished them againe

Their collers were of golde, and of tyssue fine
Wherin their names, appeared by scripture
Of Dyamondes that clerely do shine
The letters were grauen fayre and pure
To reade their names, I did my busye cure
The one was gouernaũce, the other named grace
Then was I gladde, of all this sodayne cace

And then the Ladye, with fiery flambe
Of brennyng tongues, was in my presence
Upon her palfrey, whiche had vnto name
Pegase the swifte, so faire in excellence
Whiche sometime longed, with his preminence
To kyng Perseus, the sonne of Iubiter
On whom he rode, by the worlde so farre

To me she saied, she marueyled muche why
That her greyhoundes, shewed me that fauoure
What was my name, she asked me truely
To whom I saied, it was la graunde Amoure
Besechyng you to be to me succoure,
To the tower of doctrine, and also me teH
Your proper name, and where you do dwell.

My name quod she, in all the world is knowen
I clipped Fame, in euery region
For I my horne in sundrye wise haue blowen

After the deathe, of many a champion
And with my tongues, haue made aye mencion
Of their great actes, agayne to reuiue
In flamyng tongues, for to abide on liue.

It was the custome of olde antiquitye
When the golden world, had domination
And nature highe, in her auctoritie
More stronger had, her operation
Then she hath nowe, in her digression
The people then did, all their busye payne
After their death, in Fame to liue agayne

Recorde of Saturne, the first kyng of Crete
Whiche in his youth, throughe his diligence
Founde first plowing, of the landes swete
And after this, by his great sapience
For the commen profite, and beneuolence
Of all metalles, he made diuision
One from an other, by good prouision.

And then also, as some Poetes fayne
He founde shotyng, and drawyng of the bowe
Yet as of that, I am nothynge certaine
But for his cunnynge, of hye degre and lowe
He was well beloued, as I do well knowe
Throughe whose laboure, and aye busy cure
His fame shall liue, and shall right long endure

In whose time raigned, also in Thessayle
A parte of Grece, the kyng Melizyus
That was right strong, and fierce in battaile
By whose laboure, as the storye sheweth vs

He

He make first horles, wilde and rigorious
Teachyng his men, on them right wel to ryde
And he him selfe, did first the horle bestryde.

Also Mynerue, the right hardy Goddesse
In the same time, of so hyghe renowne
Vainquished Pallas, by her great worthines
And first made harneys, to laye his pride adowne
Whose geeat defence, in euery realme and towne
Was spredde about, for her hye chyualrye
Whiche by her harneys, wanne the victorye

Nothe not remayne, yet in remembraunce
The famous actes, of the noble Hercules
That so many monsters put to vtteraunce
By his great wisdome, and hye prowes
As the recule of Troye, beareth good witnes
That in his time, he would no battayle take
But for the wealthe, of the commens sake

Thus the whole mindes, were euer fixt and set
Of noble men, in olde time to deuise
Suche thinges as were, to the cõmen profite
For in that time, suche was their goodly guise
That after death, their fame shoulde arise
For to endure, and abide in mynde
As yet in bokes, we maye them written fynde.

O ye estates, surmouutyng in noblenes
Remembre well, the noble paynyms all
Howe by their labour, they wanne the highnes
Of worthy fame, to raygne memoriall
And them applyed, euer in speciall

Thinges to practise, whiche should profite be
To the comen wealth, and their heires in fee.

Of the swete report of Fame, of the faire Lady la bel Pucel, in the tower of mulike. Chap. ii.

AND after this, Fame gan to expresse
Of ieopardous waye to the tower perillous
And of the beautye, and the semelinesse
Of la bel Pucell, so gaye and glorious
That dwelled in the tower so marueylous
Unto which might come, no maner of creature
But by great labour, and hard aduenture

For by the waye, there lye in waite
Gyantes great, disfigured of nature
That all deuoureth, by their euil conceite
Against whose strēgth, there may no man endure
They are so huge, and strong out of measure
With many serpentes, foule and odious
In sundry likenesse, blacke and tedious

But beyonde them, a great sea there is
Beyonde whiche sea, there is a goodly land
Most full of fruite, replete with ioye and blisse
Of right fine golde, appeareth all the sande
In this faire realme, where the tower doth stand
Made all of golde, enameled aboute
With noble stories, whiche do appeare without

In whiche dwelleth by great aucthoritye

Of

Of la bel Pucell, whiche is so fayre and bryght
To whom in beautye, no peare I can see
For lyke as Phebus, aboue all starres in lyght
When that he is, in his spere aryght
Dothe excede, with his beames cleare
So dothe her beauty, aboue other appeare

She is bothe good, aye wise, and vertuous
And also discended of a noble lyne
Ryche, comely, ryght meke, and boũteous
All maner vertues, in her clearely shine
No vyce of her, maye ryght longe domyne
And I dame Fame, in euery Nacion
Of her do make the same relation.

Her swete report, so my hart set on fyre
With brennyng loue, most hote and feruent
That her to see, I had great desyre
Saiynge to Fame, O Ladye excellent
I haue determined in my iudgement
For la bel Pucell, the most fayre ladye
To passe the waye, of so great ieopardye.

You shall quod Fame, attayne the victory
If you wyll do, as I shal to you say
And all my lesson, retayne in memory
To the tower of doctrine, ye shall take your waye
You are now wythin a dayes iourney
Both these greyhoundes, shal kepe you company
Loke that you cherishe them full gentely.

And countenaunce the goodly portres,
Shall let you in, full well and nobly

And also shewe you, of the perfectnes
Of all the seuen sciences, ryght notably
There in your mynde, you may ententifely
Unto dame doctrine, geue perfite audience
Whiche shall enfourme you, in euery science

Fare well she sayed, I may not nowe abide
Walke on your way, with all your whole delite
To the tower of doctrine, at this nexte tide
Ye shall to nexte, of it haue a syght
Kepe on your waye, nowe before you ryght
For I must hence, to specifye the dedes
Of their worthines, accordyng to their medes.

And with that she did, from me departe
Upon her stede, swifter then the wynde
When she was gone, full wofull was my hart
With inward trouble, oppressed was my mynde
Yet were the greyhoundes, left with me behind
Whiche did me comforte, in my great vyage
To the tower of doctrine, with their fawning cou
(rage.

So forthe I went, tossynge on my brayne
Greatly musynge, ouer hyll and vale
The way was troublous, & ey nothing playne
Tyll at the laste, I came to a dale
Beholdyng Phebus, declinyng lowe and pale
With my greyhoundes, in the fayre twy light
I sate me downe, for to rest me all nyght.

Slouthe vpon me, so fast began to crepe
That of fyne force, I downe me layed
Upon an hyll, with my greyhoundes to slepe

When

When I was downe, I thought me well apayed
And to my selfe, these wordes then I sayed
Who will attaine, sone to his iourneys ende
To nouriche slouthe, he may not condiscende.

Howe Fame departed from graunde Amoure, and left wyth hym gouernaunce and Grace, and howe he went to the tower of doctrine. Ca. iii.

THus thē I slept, til that Auroras bemes
Gan for to spreade, about the firmament
And the clere sūne, wt his goldē stremes
Began for to rise, faire in the orient
Without Saturnus, blacke encombrement
And the litle birdes, makyng melodye
Did me awake, with their swete armony.

I loked about, and sawe a craggy roche
Farre in the west, neare to the element
And as I did then, vnto it approche
Upon the toppe, I sawe refulgent
The royall tower, of morall document
Made of fine copper, wt turrettes faire and hye
Which against Phebus, shone so marueyously

That for the verye perfect brightnes,
What of the tower, and of the cleare sunne
I coulde nothing beholde the goodlines
Of that palaice, where as doctrine did wonne
Tyll at the last, with misty windes donne

The radiant bryghtnes, of golden Phebus
Auster gan couer, wyth clowdes tenebrus.

Then to the tower I drewe nere and nere
And often mused, of the great hyghnes
Of the craggy rocke, which quadrant did appeare
But the fayre tower, so muche of riches
Was all about, serangled doubtles
Gargeyld with greyhoundes, & with many lyons
Made of fyne golde, with diuers sundry dragons

The little turrets, wyth ymages of golde
About was set, which with the wynde aye moued
Wyth prope vyces, that I did well beholde
About the towers, in sundry wise they houed
Wyth goodly pypes, in their mouthes ituned
That wyth the wynde, they pyped a daunce
I clipped, amour de la hault pleasaunce.

Howe he was let in by Countenaunce the porteres, and of the maruelous buildynge of the same tower. Capitulo. iiii.

THE tower was greate, and of maruelous wydenesse,
To whiche there was, no way to passe but (one
Into the tower, for to haue an intresse
A greece there was, pchesyled all of stone
Out of the rocke, on whyche men did gone
Up to the tower, and in likewise did I
Wyth bothe the greyhoundes, in my company

Till

Tyll that I came, to a royall gate
Where I sawe standyng, the goodly porters
Whiche axed me, from whence I came alate
To whom I gan, in euery thing expresse
All myne aduenture, chaunce and busines
And eke my name, I tolde her euery dell
When she hearde thys, she liked me ryght well

Her name she sayed, was called countenaunce
Into the busy court, she did me then leade
Where was a fountayne, depured of pleasaunce
A noble spring, a royal conduit heade
Made of fyne golde, enameled with redde
And on the toppe, foure dragons blew and stoute
This dulcet water, in foure partes did spoute

Of whiche there flowed, foure riuers right cleare.
Sweter thē Nylus, or Ganges was their odour
Tygrys, or Eufrates, vnto them no pere
I dyd then taste, the aromatike licoure
Fragrant of fume, swete as any flower
And in my mouthe, it had a marueylous cent
Of diuers spices, I knew not what it mente

And after this, furder forthe me brought
Dame countenaunce, into a goodly hall
Of Jasper stones, it was wonderlye wrought
The windowes cleare, depured all of chrystal
And in the ronke, on hye ouer all
Of golde was made, a right crafty vyne
In stede of grapes, the Rubies there did shyne.

The floze was paued, with berall clarified

With pillers made, of stones precious
Like a place of pleasure, so gayely glorified
It might be called, a palaice glorious
So muche delectable, and solacious
The hall was hanged, hye and circuler
With clothe of arras, in the richest maner

That treated well, of a full noble story
Of the doubty waye, to the tower perillous
Howe a noble knight, shoulde winne the victory
Of many a serpent, fowle and odious
And the first matter, then appeared thus
Howe at a venture, and by sodaine chaunce
He met with Fame, by fortunes purueyaunce.

Whiche did him shewe, of the famous pulcritude
Of la bell Pucell, so cleare in beauty
Excellyng all other, in euery similitude
Nature her fauoured, so muche in degree
When he hearde this, with feruent amitie
Accompanied, with grace and gouernaunce
He toke his waye, without encombraunce

Unto the right famous, tower of learnyng
And so from thence, vnto the tower of chiualry
Where he was made knight, the noble kyng
Called Melyzyus, well and worthely
And furdermore, it shewed full notably
Upon the arras, imbrodred al of blew
What was his name, with letters all of grewe

Thus with his herlet, he toke on his waye
To the perillous tower, and sytuation

Me=

Wetyng Folye, as he rode on his iourney
Ridynge on a mare, by great illusion
After whom, ensued fast correction
And in her hande, a strong knotted whippe
At euery iarte, she made him for to skyppe.

And then correction, braught la graund amour
Unto the tower, wheras he might well see
Diuers men, makyng right great doloure
That defrauded women, by their duplicitie
Yet before this, in perfite certayntie
As the arras well did make relation
In Uenus temple, he made his oblation.

After which he mette, an hydeous gyant
Hauyng thre heades, of marueilous kinde
With his great strokes, he did him daunt
Castyng him downe, vnder the linde
With force and might, he did him bynde
Strikyng of his heades, then euerychone
That of all thre heades, he left not one

This terrible gyaunt, yet had a brother
Whiche graunde amoure, destroyed also
Hauinge foure heades, more then the other
That vnto him wrought mikel wo
But he slewe sone, his mortall foe
Whiche was a great gyaunt, with heades seuen
To marueylous, nowe for me to neuen

Yet more ouer, he put to vtteraunce
A venemous beast, of sundry likenes
Of diuers beastes, of ryght great mischaunce

Wherof the pycture, bare good witnes
For by his power, and his hye worthines
He did discomfyte, the wonderous serpente
Of the same metals, made by enchauntment

And eke the clothe, made demonstration
How he wedded, the great ladye beauteous
La bell Pucell, in her owne domination
After his labour, and passage daungerous
With solemne ioye, and mirthe melodious
This famous storye, well pyctured was
In the fayre hall, vpon the arras.

The marshall, yclipped was dame Reason
And the yewres, also obseruaunce
The panter Pleasaunce, at euery season
The good butler, curteys continuaunce
And the chiefe coke, was called temperaunce.
The lady chamberlayne, named fidelitye
And the hye stewarde, Liberalitye.

There sate dame Doctrine, that lady gent
Whyche called me, vnto her presence
For to knowe all the whole entent
Of my commyng, vnto her excellence
Madame I sayed, to learne your scyence
I am comen, now me to applye
Wyth all my cure, in perfect studye.

And yet also, I vnto her then shewed
My name and purpose, without doublenes
For very great ioye, than were endued
Her cristall eyes, full of lowlines

When

When that she knewe, for very likernes
That I was he, that should so attayne
La bell Pucell, with my busy payne.

And after this, I had right good chere
Of meate and drinke, there was great plentye
Nothing I wanted, were it cheape or dere
Thus was I serued, w delicate dishes dainty
And after this, with all humilitie
I went to doctrine, prayeng her good grace
For to assigne me, my first learnyng place

Seuen daughters, most expert in cunnyng
Without foly, she had well engendred
As the seuen Sciences, in vertue so shinyng
At whose encrease, there is great thankes rēdred
Unto the mother, as nothing surrendred
Her good name, and her dulcet sounde
Whiche did engender, their originall ground.

And first to gramer, she first me sent
To whose request, I did well obey
With diligence, forth on my way I went
Up to a chambre, depaynted fayre and gaye
And at the chambre, in right riche araye
We were let in, by highe aucthoritye
Of the ryght noble, dame congruitie.

Howe Science sent him firste to Grammer, where he was receiued by dame Congruitie. Capi. v.

THe lady Gramer, in al humble wise
Did me receiue, into her goodly scole
To whose doctrine, I did me aduertyse
For to attayne, in her artyke pole
Her gilted dewe, for to oppresse my dole
To whom I sayed, that I would gladly learne
Her noble cunnyng, so that I might decerne

What that it is, and why that it was made
To whiche she aunswered, then in speciall
Because that cunnyng, should not pale ne fade
Of euery science, it is originall
Whiche dothe vs teache, euer in generall
In all good order, to speke directly
And for to write, by true artografy.

Sometyme in Egypt, raygned a noble kyng
Iclipped Euander, whiche did well abound
In many vertues, especially in learnyng
Which had a daughter, that by her studye found
To write true latyn, the first perfect grounde
Whose goodly name, as her story sayes
Was called Carmentis, in her luyng dayes

Thus in the tyme, of olde antiquitie
The noble Philosophers, w their whole delite
For the commen profite, of all humanitie
Of the seuen sciences, for to knowe the ryght
They studied many, a long winters nyght
Eche after other, their partes to expresse
This was their guise, to eschue idleness.

The pomped carkes, wyth fode delicious

They

They did not fede, but to their sustinaunce
They folowed not their fleshe so vycious
But ruled it, by prudent gouernaunce
They were content, alway wyth sufficiaunce
They coueted not, no worldely treasure
For they knewe, that it might not endure

But nowe adayes, the contrary is vsed
To winne the money, their studies be all set
The commen profite, is often refused
For well is he, that may the money get
From his neyghbour, wythout any let
They thinke nothyng, they shal from it passe
When all that is, shalbe turned to was

The brittle fleshe, nourisher of vyces
Under the shadowe, of euil slogardy
Must nedes haunt, the carnall delyces
When that the brayne, by corrupt glotony
Up so downe, is turned then contrary
Frayle is the bodye, to great vnhappines
When that the heade, is full of dronkennes.

So do they nowe, for they nothing prepence
Howe cruel death, dothe them sore ensue
They are so blynded, in worldly negligence
That to their merite, they wyll nothyng renue
The seuen sciences, their slouthe to eschue
To an others profite, they take now no kepe
But to their owne, for to eate, drynke, and slepe

And all this dame Gramer, tolde me euery dele
To whom I harkened, wyth all my diligence

And after this, she taught me ryght well
First my donet, and then my accedence
I set my mynde, with percyng influence
To learne her science, the first famous arte
Eschuyng idlenes, and layng all aparte

Madame quod I, for as muche as there be
viii. partes of speche, I would knowe right faine
What a nowne substantiue, is in his degree
And wherfore it is, so called certayne
To whom she aunswered, right gently agayne
Sayng alwaye, that a nowne substantyue
Might stande without helpe of an adiectyue

The latyn worde, whiche that is referred
Unto a thing, whiche is substanciall
For a nowne substantiue, is well auerred
And with a gender, is declinall
So, all the eyght partes in generall
Are latyn wordes, annered proprelye
To euery speache, for to speake formally

And Gramer is, the first foundement
Of euery scyence, to haue construction
Who knewe Grammer, without impediment
Shoulde perfectly haue intellection
Of a lytterall cense, and moralizacion
To construe euery thyng ententifiye
The worde is Grammer, well and ordinately

By worde the worlde, was made originally
The hye kyng saied, it was made incontinente
He did commaunde, all was made shortlye

To

To the worlde, the word is sentencious iudgment
I marked well, dame Gramers sentment
And of her then, I did take my lycence
Goyng to Logyke, wyth all my diligence

¶ Howe he was receiued of Logyke. Capit. vi.

SO vp I went, vnto a chamber bryght
Where was wont, to be a right fayre Lady
Before whom then, it was my hole delite
I kneled adowne, full well and mekely
Beseechyng her to enstruct me shortly
In her noble science, whiche is expedient
For man to knowe, in many an argument

You shall quod she, my scyence well learne
In time and space, to your great vtilitye
So that in me lokyng, you shal then discerne
A frende from foe, and good from iniquitie
Ryght from wrong, ye shall knowe in certaintye
My scyence is, all the yll to eschewe
And for to knowe, the falle from the true.

Who will take payne, to folowe the trace
In this wretched worlde, of trouth & ryghteous-
In heuen aboue, he shal haue dwelling place (nes
And who that walketh, the way of darkenes
Spendyng his tyme, in worldely wretchednes
A myddes the earth, in hell most horrible
Ye shall haue payne, nothyng extinguysshyble

So by Logyke, is good perceueraunce
To deuide the good, and the euil a sunder
It is alwaye, at mannes pleasaunce
To take the good, and cast the euyl vnder
If God made hell, it is therof no wonder
For to punyche man, that had intelligence
To know good from yll, by true experience

Logyke alway, dothe make probacion
Prouyng the pro, well from the contrary
In sundry wise, by argumentation
Grounded on reason, well and wondersly
Who vnderstode, all Logike truely
Nothyng by reason, myght be in pleadynge
But he the trouthe, shoulde haue in knowlegyng

Her wise doctrine, I marked in memory
And toke my leaue, of her hye person
Because that I myght, no lenger tary
The yere was spent, and so farre then gone
And of my ladye, yet syght had I none
Whiche was abidyng, in the tower of mulyke
Wherfore anone, I went to Rethorike.

Chowe he was receyued of Rethoryke, and what Rethorike is. Capit. vii.

THan aboue Logike, vp we went a stayre
Into a chamber, gaylye glorified
Strowed w flowers, of al goodly ayre
Where sate a Lady, greatly magnified

And

And her true vesture, clearly purified
And ouer her heade, that was bryght and shene
She had a garlande, of the laurell grene

Her goodly chamber, was set all about
With depured mirrours, of speculation
The fragraunt fumes, did well encense out
All misty vapours, of perturbacion
More liker was, her habitation
Unto a place, whiche is celestiall
Then to a terrayne, mancion fatall

Before whom then, I did knele a downe
Saiyng, O starre of famous eloquence
O gilted Goddesse, of the hyghe renowne
Enspyred, with the heauenly influence
Of the dulcet well, of complacence
Upon my mynde, with dewe aromatike
Distyll adowne, thy lusty Rethorike

And depaynt my tonge, wt thy royall flowers
Of delicate odours, that I may ensue
In my purpose, to glad my auditours
And with thy power, that thou me endue
To moralliſe, thy litterall censes true
And clense away, the mist of ignoraunce
With depured beames, of goodly ordinaunce.

With humble eares, of perfite audience
To my request, she did then encline
Saiyng she woulde, in her goodly science
In short space, me so well indoctrine
That my dull mynde, it shoulde enlumyne

With golden beames, for euer to oppresse
My rude language, and all my symplenes

I thanked her, of her great gentleneſs
And axed her, after this queſtion
Madame I saied, I woulde knowe doubtleſs
What Rethorike is, wythout abusyon
Rethorike she saied, was founde by reason
Man for to gouerne, well and prudently
His wordes to order, his speache to purifye

Fyue partes hath Rethorike, for to worke true
Without whiche fyue, there can be no sentence
For these fyue, do well euermore renue
The matter perfite: with good intelligence
Who that wyll se them, wyth all hys diligence
Here folowyng, I shall them specifye
Accordyng well, all vnto myne ordinary.

Of the first: called Inuention. And a commendation of Poetes. Capit. viii.

The first of them, is called Inuention
Which surdeth, of the moſt noble warke
Of .v. inwarde wittes, w whole affection
As wryteth ryght many a noble clarke,
Wyth misty coloure, of clowdes darke
Howe commen wytte, dothe full well elect
What it shoulde take, and what it shall abiecte

And

And secondlye, by intagination
To drawe a matter, ful facundious
Full marueylous, is the operation
To make of nought, reason sentencious
Clokyng a trouthe, wyth coloure tenebrous
For often vnder, a fayre fayned fable
A trouthe appeareth, greatly profitable

It was the guyle, in olde antiquitye
Of famous poetes, ryght ymaginatife
Fables to fayne, by good aucthoritye
They were so wyse, and so inuentyfe
Theyr obscure reason, fayre and sugratyfe
Pronounced trouthe, vnder clowdy fygures
By the inuention, of theyr fatall scriptures

And thirdly, they had suche a fansy
In thys hye art, to be intelligible
Their fame encreasyng, euermore truely
To slouthe euer, they were inuyncible
To their wofull hartes, was nought impossible
Wyth brennyng loue, of insaciate fyre
Newe thynges to fynde, they set their desyre

For thoughe a man, of hys propre mynde
Be inuentyfe, and he do not applye
His fantasye, vnto the busye kynde
Of hys cunnynge, it may not ratifye
For fantasye, must nedes exemplifye
His new inuention, & cause hym to entende
Wyth whole desyre, to bryng it to an ende

And fourthly, by good estimation

He must number, all the whole circumstaunce
Of this matter, with breuiacion
That he walke not, by long continuaunce
The perambulat way, full of all variaunce
By estimacion, is made annunciate
Whether the matter, be long or breuiate

For to Inuention, it is equipolent
The matter founde, right well to comprehende
In suche a space, as is conuenient
For properlye, it dothe euer pretende
Of all the purpose, the length to extende
So estimation, may rycht well conclude
The perfite number, of euery similitude

And yet then, the retentife memory
Whiche is the fift, must euer agregate
All matters thought, to retayne inwardlye
Tyll reason therof, hath made approbate
And by scripture, will make demonstrate
Outwardly, accordyng to the thought
To proue a reason, vpon a thyng of nought

Thus whē the fourth, hath wrought ful wōderly
Then must the mynde, worke vpon them all
By cours ingenious, to runne directly
After their thoughtes, then in generall
The mynde must cause them, to be memorial
As after this, shall appeare more openlye
All whole expresst, by dame Philosophye.

O trust of vertue, and of royall pleasure
Of famous Poetes, many yeres ago

O insaciate couetise, of the special treasure
Of newe inuencion, of idlenes the so
We may you laude, and often praise also
And specially, for worthy causes thre
Whiche to this daye, we may bothe here and see

As to the first, your whole desire was set
Fable to fayne, to eschue idlenes
With ampliation, more cunnyng to get
By the laboure, of inuentife busines
Touchyng the trouthe, by couert likenes
To disnull vice, and the vycious to blame
Your dedes therto, exemplified the same.

And secondly, right well you did endite
Of the worthy actes, of many a conqueroure
Throughe which labour, that you did so write
Unto this daye, rayneth the honoure
Of euery noble, and myghty warriour
And for your labour, and your busy paine
Your fame yet liueth, & shal endure certaine

And eke to praise you, we are greatly bounde
Because our cunnyng, from you so precedeth
For you therof, were first originall grounde
And vpon your scripture, our science ensueth
Your splendent verses, our lightnes renueth
And so we ought, to laude and magnifie
Your excellent sprynges, of famous poetry.

Capitu. ix.

BAt rude people, oppress with blindnes
Against your fables, will often solisgise

Suche is their minde, such is their folishnes
For they beleue, in no maner of wyse
That vnder a coloure, a trouth may aryse
For folyche people, blynded in a matter
Will often erre, when they of it do clatter

O all ye cursed, and suche euil soles
Whose lightes be blynded, ouer all with foly
Open your eyes, in the pleasaunt scholes
Of parfect cunnyng, or that you replye
Against fables, for to be contrarye
For lacke of cunnyng, no maruell though you erre
In suche scyence, whiche is from you so farre

For now the people, whiche is dull and rude
If that they do reade, a fatall scripture
And can not moralise, the similitude
Whiche to their wittes, is so harde and obscure
Then will they saye, that it is sene in vre
That nought do poetes, but depaynt and lye
Deceiuyng them, by tongues of flattery.

But what for that, they can not defame
The Poetes actes, whiche are in effect
Unto them selues, remayneth the shame
To dispraise that, which they can not correct
And if that they, had in it inspect
Than they would it praise, and often eleuate
For it shoulde be to them, so delicate.

Capitulo. x.

The

The seconde part, of crafty Rethorike
May well be called, disposicion
That dothe so hye matters aromatike
Adowne distyll, by consolation
As olde Poetes, make demonstration
That Mercury, throughe his preeminence
His natiues endueth, with famous eloquence

By very reason, it maye right well appeare
That diuers persons, in sundry wise delite
Their consolations, doth contrary so steere
That many mindes, maye not agre aryght
Suche is the planets, of their course and myght
But what for that, be it good or yll
Them for to folowe, it is at mans frewyll.

And disposicion, the true seconde parte
Of Rethorike, doth euermore dyrect
The matters found, of this noble arte
Geuyng them place, after the aspect
And oft tyme, it hath the inspect
As from a fayre, perfite narration
Or els by a stedfast, argumentation

The which was constitute, by beginnyng
As on the reason, and if apparaunce
Of the cause, then by outward semyng
Be harde and difficult, in the vttraunce
So as the minde, haue no perceueraunce
Nor of the beginnyng, can haue audience
Then must narration, begyn the sentence

And if it be, a little probable

From any maner stedfast argument
We order it, for to be right stable
And then we neuer begyn our sentment
Rectyng letters, not conuenient
But this commutation, shoulde be rufused
Without cause or thing, make it be vsed

This that I wryte, is harde and couert
To them that haue, nothing intelligence
Up so downe, they make it oft transuert
Or that they can knowe, the, experience
Of this craft, and facundious science
By dispolition, the rethoricyan
To make lawes, ordinately began

Without dispolicion, none order gan be
For the dispolition, ordreth euery matter
And geueth the place, after the degree
Without order, without reason we clatter
Where is no reason, it vayleth not to chatter
Dispolition, ordreth a tale dyrectlye
In a perfect reason, to conclude truely

The fatall problemes, of olde antiquitye
Cloked with mist, and with clowdes darke
Ordered with reason, and hye aucthoritye
The trouth did shewe, of all their couert warke
Thus haue they made, manye a noble clarke
To disnul mischefe, and inconuenience
They made our lawes, with great diligence

Before the lawe, in a tomblyng barge
The people sayled, without perfectnes

Through

Thzoughe the wozlde, all about at large
They had no ozder, noz no stedfastnes
Tyll rethozicians, founde iustice doubtles
Ozdeynyng kynges, of right high dignitie
Of all commens, to haue the soueraintie.

The barge to stere, with lawe and iustice
Ouer the waues, of this life transitozye
To direct wzonges, and also pzeiudyce
And tho that wil, resist a contrarye
Against their kyng, by iustice openly
Foz their rebellion, and euill treason
Shall suffer death, by right and reason

O what laude, glozy, and great honoure
Unto these poetes, shalbe notified
The whiche distilled, aromatike lycoure
Clensyng our syght, with ozder purified
Whose famous dzaughtes, so exemplified
Set vs in ozder, grace, and gouernaunce
To lyue dyzectlye, without encombzaunce.

Bnt many one, the whiche is rude and dull
Will despise their wozke, foz lacke of cunnyng
All in vayne, they do so hale and pull
When they therof, lacke vnderstandyng
They grope ouer, where is no felyng
So dull they are, that they can not fynde
This royall art, foz to perceyue in mynde

Capitu. xi.

And then the thyrde parte, is elocution
When inuention, hath the purpose wrought
And set it in order, by disposicion
Without this thyrd part, it bayleth ryght nought
Thoughe it be founde, and in order brought
yet Elocution, wyth the helpe of Mercury
The matter exorneth, ryght well facundiously

In fewe wordes, swete and sentencious
Depaynted wyth golde, harde in construction
To the artike eares, swete and delicious
The golden Rethorike, is good refection
And to the reader, ryght consolation
As we do golde, from copper purifye
So that Elocution, dothe right well clarifye

The dulcet speache, from the language rude
Tellyng the tale, in termes eloquent
The barbary tongue, it dothe farre exclude
Electyng wordes, whiche are expedient
In latyn, or in englyche, after the entent
Encensyng out, the aromatyke fume
Our language rude, to exile and consume

But what auayleth, euermore to sowe
The precious stones, among gruntyng hogges
Or take vnto them, is more meter I trowe
Let an hare and swyne, be amonge curre dogges
Thoughe to the hares, were tyed great clogges
The gentle beast, they will regarde nothyng
But to the swyne, take course of runnyng

TO cloke the sentence, vnder mistie figures
By many colours, as I make relacion
As the olde poetes, couered their scriptures
Of whiche the first, is distribution
That to the euyl, for theyr abusion
Dothe gyue payne, and to the worthye
Laude and prayse, them for to magnifye.

Of beast or byrde, they take a similitude
In the condicion, lyke to the partye
Feble, fayre, or yet of fortitude
And vnder coloure, of this beast priuely
The morall sence, they cloke full subtillye
In prayse or dispraysle, as it is reasonable
Of whose faynyng, first rose the fable

Concludyng reason, greatly profitable
Who that their fables, can well moralyse
The frutefull sentences, are delectable
Thoughe that the fiction, they do so deuise
Under the coloure, the trouthe dothe arise
Concludyng reason, riches, and cunnyng
Pleasure, example, and also learnyng.

They fayned no fable, without reason
For reasonable is, all their moralitie
And vpon reason, was their conclusion
That the commen witte, by possibilitie
May well adiudge, the perfite veritye
Of their sentence, for reason openly
To the commen witte, it dothe so notifye.

Ryches.

Their frutefull sentence, was great riches

The whiche right surely, they myght well domine
For lordeship, wealthe, and also noblesse
The chaunce of fortune, can sone determine
But what for this, she can not decline
The noble science, whiche after pouertie
May bryng a man, agayne to dignitye

Scyence.

Their sentence is cunnyng, as appeareth well
For by cunnyng, their arte doth engender
And wout cunnyng, we knowe neuer a dele
Of their sentence, but may sone surrender
A true tale, that myght to vs render
Great pleasure, if we were intelligible
Of their cunnyng, nothyng impossible

Pleasure.

O what pleasure, to the intelligent
It is to knowe, and haue perseueraunce
Of their cunnyng, so muche expedient
And therof, to haue good vtterraunce
Readyng newe thinges, of so great pleasaunce
Feadyng the minde, with fode insaciate
The tales newe, they are so delicate.

Example.

In an example, with a misty cloude
Of couert likenes, the poetes do write
And vnderneth the trouthe, dothe so shroude
Bothe good and yll, as they lyst acquite
With similitude, they did so well endite
As I hereafter, shall the trouthe sone shewe
Of all their misty, and their fatall dewe.

The

The poetes fayne, how that kyng Athlas
Heauen shoulde beare, vpon his shoulders hye
Because in cunnyng, he did all other passe
Especially, in the highe astronomye
Of the sixe planets, he knewe so perfectly
The operations, howe they were domified
For whiche poetes, him so exemplified.

And in likewise, vnto the sagittary
They feyne the centaures, to be of likenes
As halfe man, and halfe horse truely
Because Hylisyus, with his worthines
Did first attame, and breake the wildenes
Of the royall stedes, and ryght swiftly
His men and he, rode on them surely.

And also Pluco, sometyme kyng of hell
A citye of Grece, standyng in the playne
Betwene greate rockes, as the boke dothe tell
Wherin were people, without any fayle
Huge, fierce, and strong in battaile
Tyrauntes, theues, replete with treason
Wherfore poetes, by true comparison

Unto the deuils, blacke, and tedious
Did them resemble, in terrible fygure
For their misliuyng, so foule and vycious
As to this daye, it dothe appeare in vre
Of Cerberus, the deskoured picture
The porter of hell, wyth thre heades vgly
Lyke an horrible gyant, fierce, and wonderly.

Because alway, his customed tyranny

Was eleuate in harte, by hygh presumption
Thinkyng him selfe, most strong and mighty
And secondly, he was destruction
Of many Ladyes, by euill compulcion
And thirdly, his desire insaciable
Was to get riches, ful innumerable.

Thus for these thre vyces abhominable
They made him, wyth thre heads serpentine
And like a fende, his bodye semblable
For his pride, auarice, and also rapyne
The morall sence, can sone illumine
The fatall picture, to be exuberaunt
And to our syght cleare, and not variaunt.

Also rehearsed, the cronicles of Spaine
Howe redoubted Hercules, by puyssaunce
Fought with an Ydre, right great certayne
Hauyng seuen heades, of full great mischannce
For when that he, wyth all his valeaunce
Had stricken of an heade, right shortly
An other anone, arose right sodaynely.

Seuen sophims, full harde and fallacious
Thys Ydre bled, in prepolition
Unto the people, and was full rygorious
To deuoure them, where lacked responsion
And when one reason, had conclusion
An other reason, then incontinent
Began againe, with subtyll argument.

For whiche cause, the Poetes couertly
With seuen heades, dothe this Ydre depaynt

For these seuen sophims, full ryght closely
But of rude people, the wittes are so faynt
That with their cunnyng, they can not acquaynt.
But who that list, their science to learne
Their obscure fygures, he shall well decerne

O redolent well, of famous poetrye
O cleare fountayne, replete with swetenes
Resteryng out, the dulcet delicacye
Of foure ryuers, in marueylous wydenes
Fayrer then Tygrys, or yet Eufrates
For the first ryuer, is vnderstandyng
The seconde riuer, close concludyng.

The thirde riuer, is called nouelrye
The fourth ryuer, is called carbuncles
Amiddes of whom, the tower is so goodly
Of Uyrgill, standeth most solacious
Where he is entyred, in stones precious
By thys fayre tower, in a goodly grene
This well dothe spryng, both bryght and shene

To vnderstandyng, these. iiii. accident
Doctrine, perseueraunce, and exercise
And also therto, is equipolent
Euermore, the perfite practise
For first doctrine, in all goodly wise
The perseuerant trouthe, in his booth of wil
In vnderstandyng, for to knowe good from yll

So famous poetes, did vs endoctrine
Of the ryght way, for to be intellective
Their fables they did, ryght so ymagyne

That by example, we may voyde the strife
And without mischefe, for to leade our life
By the aduertence, of their stories olde
The fruite wherof, we may full well beholde

Depaynted on arras, howe in antiquitie
Destroyed was, the great citye of Troye
For a little cause, grounded on vanitye
To mortal ruyne, they turned their ioye
Their vnderstandyng, they did then accoy
Nothing prepensyng, how they did prepare
To scourge them selues, & bryng them in a snare.

Who is oppress, with a little wrong
Reuengyng it, he may it sone encrease
For better it is, for to sucker among
An iniury, as for to kepe the peace
Then to begyn, whiche he shall neuer cease
Warre once begon, it is harde to knowe
Who shall abide, and who shall ouerthrow.

The hyghe power, honoure, and noblenesse
Of the mighty Romayns, to whose excellence
All the wide worlde, so muche of greatnes
Vnto their empyre, was in obedience
Suche was their famous porte, and preeminence
Tyll win them selues, there was a contrauersy
Waxyng them lese, their worthy sygneoury

It is euer, the grounde of Sapience
Before that thou, accomplyche outwardly
For to reuolue, vnderstandyng and prepence
All in thy selfe, full often inwardely

The beginnyng, and the middle certainelye
With the ende, or thou put it in vre
And worke with councell, that thou maiest be sure

And who that so dothe, shall neuer repent
For his dedes is founded, on a perfect ground
And for to fall, it hath none impediment
Wyth sureues, it is so hyghe walled rounde
In wealth and riches, it must nedes abounde
On euery syde, it hath suche ordinaunce
That nothyng can, do it anoyaunce

Thus the Poetes conclude full closelye
Their fruitefull probles, for reformation
To make vs leue, to lyue dyrectly
Their good entent, and true construction
Shewyng to vs, the whole affection
Of the way of vertue, wealth, and stablenes
And to shutte the gate, of mischeuous entres

And euermore, they are ymaginatyue
Tales newe, from day to daye to fayne
The erryng people, that are retractiue
As to the ryght way, to bryng them agayne
And who that list, their sentence retayne
It shall hym profite, if he wyll apply
To do therafter, full conuenientlye.

Carbuncles, in the moste darke nyght
Dothe shyne fayre, wyth cleare radiant beames
Exilyng darkenes, wyth his rayes lyght
And so these Poetes, wyth their golden streames
Deuoyde our rudenes, wyth great fyery leames

Their centencious verses, are refulgent
Encensyng out, the odoure redolent.

And is their worke also extinguishible
Nay truely, for it dothe shyne ryght cleare
Throughe cloudes darke, vnto the odible
To whom truely, it may nothyng appeare
Where cunnynge fayleth, the scyence so deare
Ignorraunce hateth, with feruent enuy
And vnto cunnyng, is mortall enemy.

O ygnorraunce, with slouthe so oppress
Open thy curtayne, so ryght dymme and darke
And euermore remember, the behest
Of thy laboure, to vnderstande thy warke
Of many a noble, and ryght famous clarke
Fy vpon slouth, the nourisher of vyce
Whiche vnto youthe, dothe often preiudyce

Who in youthe lyst, nothyng to learne
He wyll repent him, often in hys age
That he the cunnyng, can nothyng decerne
Therfore nowe youthe, with lusty courage
Rule thy flesche, and thy slouthe asswage
And in thy youthe, the scyence engender
That in thine age, it may the worshyp render

Cunnyng is lyght, and also pleasaunt
A gentle burden, wythout greuousnes
Unto hym, that is ryght well appliaunt
For to beare it, with all his busines
He shall attaste, the welle of fruitefulues
Whiche Virgyll clarified, and also Tullius

With

With latyn pure, swete, and delicious.

From whence my master lidgate derified,
The depured rethorike, in Englysche language
To make our tongue, so clearely purified
That the vyle termes, shoulde nothing arage
As like a pye, to chatter in a cage
But for to speake, with rethorike formally
In the good order, withouten vylany.

And who his bokes, list to heare or see
In them he shall finde, elocution
With as good order, as any maye be
Kepyng full close, the moralization
Of the trouthe, of his great intencion
Whose name is regestred, in remembraunce
For to endure, by long continuaunce.

Nowe after this, for to make relation
Of famous rethorike, so in this party
As to the fourthe part, pronunciation
I shall it shewe, anone ryght openly
With many braunches, of it sykerly
And howe it taketh, the whole effect
In euery place, degre and aspect.

Capitu. xii.

When the matter, is founde by inuention
Be it merye, or yet of great sadnes
Set in a place, by the disposition

And by elocucions, famous clearenes
Ornate well, and ready to expresse
Then pronunciacion, wh chere and countenaunce
Conuenientlye, must make the vtteraunce.

With humble voyce, and also moderate
Accordyng, as by him is audience
And if there be, a ryght hye estate
Then vnder honoure, and obedience
Reasonably done, vnto his excellence
Pronouncyng his matter, so facundious
In all due maner, to be sentencious.

For thoughe a matter, be neuer so good
If it be tolde, with tongue of barbary
In rude maner, without the discrete mode
It is disturbaunce, to a whole company
For to se them, so rude and boystously
Demeane them selues, vtteryng the sentence
Without good maner, or yet intelligence

It is a thing, ryght greatly conuenable
To pronounce the matter, as it is conuenient
And to the hearers, ryght delectable
When the vtterer, wythout impediment
With right good maner, countenaunce, and entent
Dothe tell his tale, vnto them treatably
Kepyng his maner, and voyce full moderatly

This is the custome, that the poetes vse
To tell their tale, with all due circumstaunce
The vylayne courage, they do muche refuse
That is boysteous, and rude of gouernaunce

And

And euermoze, they do to them anaunce
Nurture, maner, and all gentlenes
In their behauyng, wyth all semelines.

And thus the gentle, rethozician
Thzoughe the laboure, of his royall cleargye
The famous nurture, ozyginally began
Oppzessyng our rudenes. and our foly
And foz to gouerne vs, ryght pzudently
The good maner, encreaseth dignitie
And the rudenes, also iniquitie

The famous poete, who so list to here
To tell his tale, it is solatious
Beholdyng his maners, and also his chere
After the maner, be it sadde, oz ioyous
If it be sadde, his chere is dolozous
As in bewaylyng, a wofull tragedy
That wozthy is, to be in memozy.

And if the matter, be ioyfull and gladde
Lyke countenaunce, outwardly they make
But moderation, in their mindes is had
So that outrage, may them not ouertake
I can not wzite, to muche foz their sake
Them to laude, foz my tyme is shozte
And the matter long, which I must repozt.

Capitulo. xiii.

And the. v. parte, is then memozatyfe
The whiche, the perfect ministration
Ozdinatly cauleth, to be retentyfe

Dziuyng the tale, to good conclusion
For it behoueth, to haue respection
Unto the tale, and the very grounde
And on what ymage, he his matter founde.

If to the orator, many a sundry tale
One after other, treatably be tolde
Then sundry ymages, in his closed male
Eche for a matter, he dothe then well holde
Like to the tale, he doth then so beholde
And inwarde, a recapitulation
Of eche ymage, the moralization

WWhiche be the tales, he grounded priuely
Upon these ymages, signification
And when time is, for him to specifye
All his tales, by demonstration
In due order, maner, and reason
Then eche ymage, inwarde dyrectly
The orator, dothe take full properly

So is enprynted, in his propre mynde
Euery tale, with whole resemblaunce
By this ymage, he dothe his matter finde
Eche after other, withouten variaunce
Who to this arte, will geue attendaunce
As therof to knowe, the perfectnes
In the Poetes schole, he must haue intresse

Then shall he knowe, by perfect study
The memoriall arte, of rethorike defuse
It shall to him, so well exemplifye
If that him list, the science to vse

Though

Thoughe at the firſt, it be to him obtuſe
With exerciſe, he ſhall it well augment
Under clowdes darke, and termes eloquent.

But nowe of dayes, the ſynne of auaryce
Exileth the mynde, and the whole delite
To couet cunnyng, whiche is great preiudice
For inſaciatly, ſo blinded is their ſyght
With the ſiluer, and the golde ſo bryght
They nothing thinke, on fortune variable
Whiche all their riches, can make tranſmutable

The olde ſawes, they ryght cleane abiect
Whiche for our learnyng, the poetes did wryte
With auarice they are ſo ſore infect
They take no hede, nothing they wryte
Whiche morally, did ſo nobly endite
Reprouyng vyce, prayſyng the vertue
Whiche idlenes, did euermore eſchue.

Nowe, will I ceaſe, of luſty rethoryke
I maye not tarye, for my tyme is ſhorte
For I muſt procede, and ſhewe of ariſmetrike
With diuers numbres, whiche I muſt report
Hope inwardely, do the me well comforte
To bringe my boke, vnto a fynyſhment
Of all my matter, and my true entent.

Capitu. xiiii.

O Thoughtfull harte, tombled all about
Upon the ſea, of ſtormy ignorraunce

For to sayle forthe, thou art in greate doubt
Ouer the waues, of great encombraunce
Without any comfort, sake of esperaunce
Whiche the exhorteth, hardely to sayle
Unto thy purpose, wyth diligent trauayle.

Auferyeus auster, bloweth frowardlye
Towarde the lande, and habitation
Of thy well fauoured, and most fayre lady
For whose sake, and delectation
Thou hast take, this occupacion
Principally, eyght well to attayne
Her swete rewarde, for thy busy payne.

O penlyfe harte, in the stormy pery
Mercury northwest, thou maist se appeare
After tempest, to gladde, thine emispery
Hoyse vp thy sayle, for thou must drawe neare
Towarde the ende, of thy purpose so cleare
Remembre the, of the trace and daunce
Of poetes olde, wyth all thy purueyaunce.

As moral Gower, whose sentencious dewe
Adowne restareth, with fayre golden beames
And after Chaucers, all abroade dothe shewe
Our eyes to clense, his depared streames
Kindlyng our hartes, wyth the fiery leames
Of moral vertue, as is probable
In all his bokes, so swete and profitable

The boke of fame, whiche is sentencious
He drewe him selfe, on his owne inuention
And then the tragidies, so piteous

Of the nintene ladyes, was his translation
And vpon his ymagination
He made also, the tales of Caunterbury
Some vertuous, and some glad and merye

And of Troylus, the piteous doloure
For his ladye Creseyde, full of doubleness
He did bewayle, full well the langoure
Of all his loue, and great vnhappines
And many other bokes doubtles
He did compyle, whose goodly name
In prynted bookes, dothe remayne in fame.

And after him, my master Lydgate
The monke of bury, did him well apply
Bothe to contryue, and eke to translate
And of vertue, euer in especially
For he did compyle, then full nyally
Of our blessed ladye, the conuersation
Sayut Edmundes life, martred with treason

Of the fall of Princes, ryght wofully
He did endite, in all piteous wise
Folowyng his auctoure, Bocas rufully
A ryght great boke, he did truely compryse
A good ensample, for vs to despyse
This worlde so full, of mutabilitie
In whiche no man, can haue a certaintie.

And thre reasons, ryght greatly profitable
Under coloure, he cloked craftely
And of the chorle, he made the fable
That chitte the byrde, in a cage so closely
The pamflete, sheweth it expressye

He fayned alſo, the court of ſapience
And tranſlated, with all his diligence.

The great boke, of the laſt deſtruction
Of the citye of Troye, whylome ſo famous
Howe for a woman, was the confuſion
And betwene vertue, and the life vicious
Of Gods and Goddeſſes, a boke ſolacious
He did compyle, and the tyme to paſſe
Of loue he made, the bryght temple of glaſſe

Were not theſe thre, greatly to commende
Whiche them applied, ſuch bokes to contriue
Whoſe famous draughtes, no man can amend
The tyme of ſlouthe, they did from them driue
After their deathe, for to abide on lyue
In worthy fame, by many a nacion
Their bokes, their actes, do make relation

O maſter Lydgate, the moſt dulcet ſpryng
Of famous rethorike, wyth ballade royall
The chefe originall, of my learnyng
What vayleth it, on you for to call
Me for to ayde, nowe in eſpeciall
Sythen your bodye, is now wrapte in cheſt
I pray God to geue, your ſoule good reſt

O what loſſe is it, of ſuche a one
It is to great truely, for me to tell
Sythen the tyme, that his life was gone
In all this realme his pere did not dwell
Aboue all other, he did ſo excell
None ſythe his tyme, in arte woulde ſucede

After

After their death, to haue for their mede

But many a one, is ryght well expert
In this cunnyng, but vpon aucthoritie
They fayne no fables, pleasaunt and couerte
But spende their time, in vaynefull vanitie
Makyng ballades, of feruent amitie
As gestes and trifles, without fruitefulnes
Thus all in vayne, they spende their buliness

I little or nought, expert in poetrye
Of my master Lidgate, will folowe the trace
As euermore, so his name to magnifye
With suche little bokes, by Gods grace
I fin this worlde, I may haue the space
The little cunnyng, that his grace me sent
In tyme among, in suche wise shalbe spent.

And yet nothing, vpon presumption
My master Lydgate, I will not enuy
But all onely, is myne intencion
With suche labour, my selfe to occupy
As white by blacke, dothe shyne more clearely
So shal their matters, appeare more pleasaunt
Bisyde my draughtes, rude, and ignoraunt

Capitu. xv.

NOwe in my boke, further to procede
To a chamber I wente, replete w riches
Where sate arismetrike, in a golden wede

Like a lady pure, and of great worthines
The walles about, did full well expresse.
With golde depainted, euery perfect number
To adde, detray, and to deuide a sunder.

The rouse was painted, with golden beames
The windowes cristall, clearely clarified
The golden raies, and depured streames
Of radiant Phebus, that was purified
Right in the bull, that time so domified
Thronghe windowes, was resplendichant
About the chamber, faire and radiaunt

I kneled downe, right sone on my knee
And to her I saied, O lady marueylous
I right humbly, beseche your maiestie
Your arte to shewe, me so facundious
Whiche is defuse, and right fallacious
But I shall so, apply mine exercise
That thevery trouthe, I shall well deuise

My science said she, is right necessary
And in the middes of the sciences all
It is nowe set, right well and perfectly
For vnto them, it is so speciall
Numbring so, their worke in generall
Without me, they had no perfectnes
I must them number, alway doubtles

Without number, is no maner of thing
That in our sight, we may well se
For God made all, at the beginnyng
In number perfite, well in certaintie

Who

Who knewe arismetrike, in euery degre
All maner number, in his minde were had
Bothe to detray, and to deuide and adde.

But who will knowe, all the experience
It behoueth him, to haue great learning
In many thinges, with true intelligence
Or that he can, haue perfite reckenyng
In euery number, by expert cunnyng
To rehearse in englische, more of this science
It were folie, and eke great negligence.

I thought full long, till I had a sight
Of la bell Pucell, the most fayre ladye
My minde vpon her, was bothe day and night
The feruent loue, so perst me inwardly
Wherfore I went anone, right shortly
Vnto the tower, swete and melodious
Of dame musike, so gaye and glorious.

Capitu. xvi.

When splendēt Phebus, in his middaye speare
Was highe in Gemine, in the freshe season
Of lustye Maye, with golden beames cleare
And darke Dyane, made declination
When Flora flourished, in this nacion
I called vnto minde, right inwardly
The report of Fame, so muche ententifye

Of la bell Pucell, in the tower musicall

And ryght anone, vnto the tower I went
Where I sawe, a temple made of Crystal
In whiche mulyke, the lady excellent
Played on base organes, expedient
Accordyng well, vnto dyopason
Dyapenthe, and eke dyetesseron

In this temple, was great solemnitie
And of muche people, there was great preasse
I loked about, whether I coulde se
La bell pucell, my langour to ceasse
I coulde not se her, my payne did encreasse
Tyll that I spied her, aboue in a vaute
Whiche to my hart, did make so sore assaut.

With her beauty cleare, and swete countenaunce
The stroke of loue, I coulde nothing resist
And anone, without lenger circumstaunce
To her I went, or that her person wist
Her thought I knewe not, she thought as she list
By her I stode, with hert sore and faynt
And did my selfe, with her sone acquaynt.

The commen witte, did full little regarde
Of dame mulyke, the dulcet armonye
The eares hearde not, for the mynde inward
Uenus had wrapt, and taken feruently
Imagination, wrought full priuely
The fantasye, gaue perfect iudgement
Alway to her, for to be obedient.

By estimation, muche doubtfully I cast
Whether I shoulde, by long tyme and space

Atteyne

Atteyne her loue, or els to loue in waste
My hart sobbed, and quaked in this case
I stode by her, ryght neare in the place
With many other, fayre ladies also
But so fayre as she, I neuer sawe no mo.

The feast done, dame musyke did go
She folowed after, and she wouide not tary
Fare well she saied, for I must part you fro
Alas thought I, that fortune dothe so vary
My sadde body, my heauy harte did carye
I could not speake, my harte was neare broken
But wyth my heade, I made her a token

When she was gone, inwardely then wrought
Upon her beauty, my minde retentife
Her goodly fygure, I graued in my thought
Except her selfe, all were expulsyfe
My minde to her, was so ententyfe
That I folowed her, into a temple farre
Replete with ioye, as bryght as any starre.

Where dulcet Floza, her aromatyke dewe
In the fayre temple, adowne did distyll
All abroade, the fayre dropes did shewe
Encencyng out, all the vapours yll
With suche a swetenes, Floza did fulfyll
All the temple, that my gowne well shewed
The lycoure swete, of the droppes endued

And so to a chamber, full solacious
Dame musyke went, with la bell Pucell
All of Jasper, with stones precious

The rouse was wrought, curiously and well
The windowes glased, maruelously to tell
With clothe of tissue, in the riches maner
The walles were hanged, hie and eyrculer

There sate dame musike, with all her minstrelsy
As tabours, trumpets, with pipes melodious
Sakbuttes, orgains, and the recorder swetely
Harpes, lutes, and crowdes right delicious
Cimphans, doucemers, wt claricymbals glorious
Rebeckes, claricordes, eche in their degre
Did sit about their Ladyes maiestye

Before dame musike, I did knele adowne
Saiyng to her, O faire Ladye pleasaunt
Your prudence raigneth most hye in renowne
For you be euer, right concordaunt
With perfite reason, whiche is not variaunt
I beseche your grace, with all my diligence
To instruct me, in your noble science

It is she saied, right greatly profitable
For musike dothe set, in all vnitie
The discorde thinges, whiche are variable
And deuoydeth mischiefe, and great iniquitie
Where lacketh musike, there is no plenty
For musike is concorde, and also peace
Nothing without musike, may well encrease

The seuen sciences, in one monacorde
Eche vpon other, do full well depende
Musike hath them, so set in concorde
That all in one, may right well extende

All perfite reason, they do so comprehende
That they are way, and perfite doctrine
To the ioye aboue: whiche is celestine

And yet also, the perfect phisyke
Whiche appertcyneth, well to the bodye
Dothe well resemble, vnto the musyke
When the inwarde intrailes, turneth contrary
That nature can not, worke dyrectly
Then dothe phisyke, the partes interiall
In order set, to their originall.

But yet phisyke, can not be liberall
As the seuen scyences, by good aucthoritie
Whiche leadeth the soule, the way in speciall
By good doctrine, to dame eternitie
Onely of phisike, it is the propertie
To ayde the body, in euery sickenes
That is right fraile, and full of brittlenes

And because phisike, is appendant
Unto the body, by helpe of medicine
And to the soule, nothing appertenaunt
To cause the body for to encline
In eternall health, so the soule to domine
For to the body, the sciences seuen
Dothe teache to leade, the soule to heauen

And musyke it selfe, is melodious
To reioyce the eares, and comfort the braine
Sharpyng the wittes, with sound solacious
Deuoydyng bad thoughtes, whiche did remayne
It gladdeth the hart, also well certaine

Length the lyfe, with dulcet armonye
As is good recreation, after ſtudy.

She cõmaũded her minſtrels, right anone to play
Amours the ſwete, and the gentle daunce
With la bell Pucell, that was fayre and gay
She me recommended, with all pleaſaunce
To daunce true meaſure, withoute variaunce
O lorde God, howe glad then was I
So for to daunce, with my ſwete ladye.

By her proper hande, ſoft as any ſilke
With due obeyſaunce, I did her then take
Her ſkynne was white, as whales bone or mylke
My thoughtes was rauiſhed, I might not aſlake
My brennyng hart, the the fire did make
Theſe daunces truely, muſyke hath me taught
To lute or daunce, but it auayled nought.

For the fyre kindled, and waxed more and more
The dauncyng blewe it, with her beauty cleare
My hart ſickened, and began to waxe ſore
A minute. vi. houres, and. vi. houres a yere
I thought it was, ſo heauy was my chere
But yet for to couer, my great loue aryght
The outwarde coũtenaunce, I made glad & light

And for feare mine eyes, ſhould mine hart bewray
I toke my leaue, and to a temple went
And all alone, I to my ſelfe did ſaye
Alas what fortune, hath me hither ſent
To deuoyde my ioye, and my hart torment.
No man can tell, howe great a paine it is

But

But if he will fele it, as I do iwysse

Alas O lady, howe cruell art thou
Of piteous doloure, for to builde a nest
In my true hart, as thou doest ryght nowe
Yet of all ladyes, I must loue the best
Thy beauty therto, did me surely arest
Alas with loue, when that it dothe the please
Thou maiest cease my care, & my payne sone ease.

Alas howe sore, may I nowe bewayle
The piteous chaunce, whiche did me happe
My ladyes lokes, did me so assayle
That sodaynely, my harte was in a trappe
By Uenus caught, and with so sore a clappe
That throughe, the great stroke did perse
Alas for wo, I coulde not reuerse.

Farewell all ioye, and all perfect pleasure
Fare well my lust, and my likyng
For wo is comen, with me to endure
Nowe must I leade, my life in mournyng
I may not lute, or yet daunce, or syng
O la bell Pucell, my lady glorious
You are the cause, that I am so dolorous

Alas faire lady, and mine owne swete hart
With my seruyce, I yelde me to your will
You haue me fettred, I may not astart
At your pleasure, you maye me saue or kyll
Because I loue you, wyll you me spyll
Alas it were, a piteous case in dede
That you with death, shoulde rewarde my mede.

Alas, that I am right wo begone
For I of loue, dare not to you speake
For feare of nay, that may encrease my mone
A nay of you might, cause my hart to breake
Alas I wretche, and yet vnhappy peke
Into suche trouble, misery, and thought
With sight of you, I am into it brought

And to my selfe, as I made complaint
I spied a man, right nere me before
Whiche right anone, did with me acquaynt
Me thinke he sayed, that ye are neare forlorne
With inwarde payne, that your hart hath borne
Be not to pensyfe, call to mynde agayne
Howe of one sorowe, ye do nowe make twayne

Wine inwarde sorowe, ye begyn to double
Go your way quod I, for ye can not me ayde
Tell me he sayed, the cause of your trouble
And of me nowe, be nothing afrayed
Me thynke that sorowe, hath you ouerlayed
Driue of no lenger, but tell me your mynde
It may me happe, a remedy to fynde.

A a quod I, it vayleth not your speache
I wyll wyth you, neuer haue medlyng
Let me alone, the most vnhappy wretche
Of all the wretches, that is yet liuyng
Suche is the chaunce, of my bewaylyng
Go on your waye, you are nothing the better
To me to speake, to make my sorowe greater

Forsothe he sayed, remember thinges thre

The first is, that ye may sorowe long
Unto your selfe, or that you ayded be
And secondly, in great paynes stronge
To muse alone, it myght turne you to wrong
The thirde is, it myght you well ease truely
To tell your mynde, to a frende ryght trusty

It is a iewell, of a frende of trust
As at your nede, to tell your secretenes
Of all your payne, and feruent lust
His councell sone, may helpe and redresse
Your paynefull wo, and mortall heauines
Alone is nought, for to thinke and muse
Therfore good sonne, do me not refuse.

And sythe that you are, plunged all in thought
Beware the pytte, of dolorous dispayre
So to complayne, it vayleth you right nought
It may so fortune, ye loue a ladye fayre
Whiche to loue you, will nothing repayre
Or els ye haue lost, great lande or substaunce,
By fatall chaunce, of fortunes ordinaunce

Tell me the cause, thoughe that it be so
In case you loue, I knowe it by experience
It is a payne, engendryng great wo
And harde it is, for to make resistaunce
Agaynst suche loue, of feruent vyolence
The loue is dreadfull, but neuertheles
There is no sore, nor yet no syckenes

But there is a salue, and remedy therfore
So for your payne, and your sorowe great

Councell is medicine, whiche may you restore
Unto your desire, without any let
If ye will tell me, where your harte is set
In the chayre of sorowe, no great doubt it is
To fynde a remedye, for your payne I wys

A phisition truely, can little decerne
Ony maner sickenes, without sight of vryne
No more can I, by good counsaile you learne
All suche wofull trouble, for to determine
But if you meekely, will to me encyne
To tell the cause, of your great greuousnes
Of your inwarde trouble, and wofull sadnes

Then I began, with all my diligence
To heare him speake, so grounded on reason
And in my minde, did make aduertence
Howe it was holesome, in tribulation
To saue a good, and a true companion
For to knowe my sorowe, and wofull grefe
It might me comforte, and right well relefe

And of him then, I asked this question
What was his name, I prayed him me tell
Councell quod he, the whiche solucion
In my wofull minde, I liked right well
And priuely I did, his lesson spell
Saiyng to him, my chaunce and destiny
Of all other, is the most vnhappy.

Why so quod he, thoughe fortune be straunge
To you a while, turnyng of her face
Her louryng chere, she may right sone chaung

And you accept, and call vnto her grace
Dispayre you not, for in good time and space
Nothing there is, but wisdome may it v
To tell your mynde, I praye you to begyn.

Unto you quod I, with all my whole assent
I will tell you trouthe, and you will not bewraye
Unto none other, my matter and entent
Nay nay quod he, you shall not se that daye
Your whole affiaunce and trust, well ye may
Into me put, for I shall not vary
But kepe your councell, as a secretary.

And then to him, in the maner folowyng
I did complayne, with sighyng teares depe
Alas quod I, you shall haue knowlegyng
Of my heavy chaunce, that causeth me to wepe
So wo I am, that I can neuer slepe
But wallowe and tumble, in the trappe of care
My hart was caughte, or that I was ware

It happened so, that in a temple olde
By the tower of musike, at great solemnitie
La bell pucell, I did right well beholde
Whose beauty cleare, and great humilitie
To my hart did cast, the darte of amitie
After whiche stroke, so harde and feruent
To her excellence, I came incontinent

Beholdyng her chere, and louely countenaunce
Her garmentes riche, and her propre stature
I regestered well, in my remembraunce
That I neuer sawe, so fayre a creature

So well fauouredly, create by nature
That harde it is, for to wryght with ynke
All her beautie, or any harte to thinke.

Fayrer she was, then was quene Helene
Proserpyne, Creslyde, or yet Ypolyte
Medea, Dydo, or yong Poleryne
Alcumena, or quene Menelape
Or yet dame Rosamonde, in certaintie
None of all these, can haue the preeminence
To be compared, to her highe excellence

Duryng the feast, I stode her neare by
But then her beauty, encreased my paine
I coulde nothing, resist the contrary
She wrapt my hart, in a brennyng chayne
To the musicall tower, she went then againe
I went after, I coulde not be behinde
The chaine she haled, whiche my hart did binde.

Till that we came, into a chamber gaye
Where that musike, with all her minstrelsy
Diuers base daunces, most swetely did playe
That them to here, it was great melody
And dame musike, commaunded curteously
La bell pucell, with me then to daunce
Whom that I toke, with all my pleasaunce

By her swete hande, beginnyng the trace
And long did daunce, till that I might not hide
The painefull loue, whiche did my hart embrace
Bicause wherof, I toke my leaue that tide
And to this temple, where I do abide

Forth

Forth then I went, alone to bewaile
My mortall sorowe, without any faile,

Nowe haue I tolde you, all the very trouth
Of my wofull chaunce, and great vnhappines
I pray you, nothing with me to be wrothe
Whiche am drowned, in careful wretchednes
By fortune plunged, full of doubleness
A a said councell, doubt ye neuer a deale
But your disease, I shall by wisedome heale

Remember you, that neuer yet was he
That in this worlde, did leade all his life
In ioye and pleasure, without aduersitie
No worldly thing, can not be without strife
For vnto pleasure, paine is affirmatife
Who will haue pleasure, he must first apply
To take the payne, with his cure busely.

To deserue the ioye, which after doth ensue
Rewardyng paine, for the great busines
No doubt your Lady, wil vpon you rue
Seyng you apply, all your gentleness
To do her pleasure, and seruice doubtles
Harde is the harte, that no loue hath felt
Nor for to loue, will then encline and melt.

Remember ye, that in olde antiquitie
Howe worthy Troylus, that mighty champion
What paine he suffered, by great extremitie
Of feruent loue, by a great long season
For his lady Cresyde, by great tribulation
After his sorowe, had not he great ioye

Of his lady, the fayrest of all Troy

And the famous knight, yclipped Ponthus
Whiche loued Sydoyne, so moche entirely
What paine had he, and what care doloꝛous
Foꝛ his lady, with loue so marueylously
Was not her hart, wounded right wofully
After his paine, his ladie did her cure
To do him ioye, honoure, and pleasure.

Who was with loue, moꝛe wofully arayed
Then were these twaine, and many other mo
The power of loue, had them so asayed
That and I liste, I coulde rehearse also
To whom true loue, hath wꝛought mykle wo
And at the ende, haue had their desire
Of all their soꝛowe, foꝛ to quenche the fire

Languische no moꝛe, but plucke vp thy hart
Exile dispayꝛe, and liue a while in hope
And kepe your loue, all close and couert
It may so foꝛtune, that your lady wil grope
Somewhat of loue, foꝛ to dꝛynke a sope
Thoughe outwardely, she dare not let you knowe
But at the last, as I beleue and trowe.

She can not kepe it, so pꝛiuye and close
But that somewhat, it shall to you appeare
By countenaunce, howe that her loue arose
If that she loue you, the loue it is so deare
When you come to her, she wil make you chere
With countenaunce, accoꝛding vnto loue
Full pꝛiuely, foꝛ to come to her aboue

Sen-

Sending of loue, the messenger before
Whiche is her eyes, with louelye lokes swete
For to beholde you, then euer more and more
After the time, that you together mete
With louing wordes, she wil you then grete
Sorowe no more, for I thinke in my minde
That at the last, she will be good and kinde

Alas quod I, she is of hye degre
Borne to great lande, treasure, and substaunce
I feare to lose, I shal disdayned be
The whiche will trouble, all my greuannce
Her beautie is, the cause of my penaunce
I haue no great lande, treasure, and riches
To winne the fauoure, of her noblenes.

What thoughe quod he, drawe you not backe
For she hath inough, in her possession
For you bothe, for you shall neuer lacke
If that ye order it. by good reason
And so in perfect consideration,
She will with loue, her grene flouryng age
Passe forthe in ioye, pleasure, and courage

Youthe is alway, of the course right light
Hote, and moyst, and full of lustines
Moste of the ayre, it is ruled by ryght
And her complexion, hath chiefe intresse
Upon sanguine, the ayres holesomenes
She is not yet in all, aboue. xviii. yere
Of tender age, to pleasure moste deare

Golde or siluer, in any maner of wise

For sanguyne youth, it is all contrary
So for to couet, for it dothe arise
Onely engendred, vpon the malencoly
Which is drye, colde, and also earthly
In whiche the golde, is truely nutrified
Farre from the ayre, so clearely purified

Thus couetise, shall nothing surmount
Your yong ladies hart, but onely nature
Shall in her minde, make her to account
The great losse of youthe, her speciall treasure
She knoweth she is, a right faire creature
No doubt it is, but yet priuely among
So hye is nature, with his workes strong.

That she of force, the mans company
Must well couet, for she may not resist
Dame natures worke, whiche is so secretely
Thoughe she be maide, let her saye what she list
She woulde haue man, thoughe no man it wist
To make her ioye, when nature doth agre
Her thought is hers, it is vnto her free.

Who spareth to speake, he spareth to spede
I shall prouide, for you conuenient
A gentle time, for to attaine your mede
That you shall go, to your lady excellent
And right before, take good aduisement
Of all the matter, that ye will her shewe
Upon good reason, and in wordes fewe

Thus past we time, in communication
The after none, with many a sentment
And what for loue, was best conclusion

We demed oft, and gaue a iudgement
Till that in the euen, was refulgent
Fayre golden Mercury, with his beames bryght
About the ayre, castyng his pured light

Then to a chamber, swete and precious
Councell me ledde, for to take my rest
The night was wete, and also tenebrous
But I my selfe, with sorowe oppresst
Did often muse, what was for me best
Unto my fayre lady, for to tel or saye
And all my dreade was, for feare of a nay.

Thoughe that my bedde, was easy and softe
Yet did I tomble, I might not lye still
On euery side, I turned me full oft
Upon the loue, I had so set my will
Longyng right sore, my minde to fulfyll
I called councell, and prayed him to wake
To geue me councell, what were best to take

Ha ha quod he, loue dothe you so pricke
That yet your hart, will nothyng be ceased
But euermore, be feble and sicke
Till that your lady, hath it well pleased
Thoughe ye thinke long, yet ye shalbe pleased
I woulde quod I, that it were as ye saye
Fy fye quod he, driue suche dispayre away

And liue in hope, whiche shall do you good
Joye cometh after, when the payne is past
Be ye patient, and sober in mode
To wepe and waile, all is for you in waste

Was neuer payne, but it had ioye at last
In the fayre morowe: rise and make you ready
At nine at the clocke, the time is necessarye

For vs to walke, vnto your Lady gent
The bodies aboue, be then well domified
To helpe vs forwarde, without impediment
Loke what ye saye, loke it be derified
From perfect reason, well exemplified
Forsake her not, though that she saye nay
A womans guise, is euer more to delay.

No castell can be, of so great a strength
If that there be, a sure siege to it layed
It must yelde vp, or els be wonne at length
Thoughe that tofore, it hath bene long delayed
So continuaunce, may you right well ayde
Some womans harte, can not so harded be
But busy labour, may make it agree

Laboure and diligence, is full marueylous
Whiche bryngeth a louer, to his promotion
Nothing to loue, is more desierous
Then instaunt laboure, and delectation
The harded harte, it geueth occasion
For to consider, howe that her seruaunt
To attayne her loue, is so attendant.

Thus all in cõmunyng, we the night did passe
Tyll in the ayre, with clowes fayre and redde
Rysen was Phebus, shinyng in the glasse
In the chamber, his golden rayes were spredde
And Dirane, declinyng, pale as any leade

When

When the little byrdes, swetely did syng
With tunes musicall, in the faire morynng

¶ Of the dolorous and lowly disputation, betwene la bell Pucell, and graunde Amoure. Capit xviii.

Councell and I, then rose full quickely
And made vs ready, on our way to walke
In your clenly wede. appareled properly
What I woulde saie, I did vnto him talke
Tyll on his boke, he began to calke
Howe the sunne, entred was in Geminy
And eke Dyane, full of mutabilitie

Entred the Crabbe, hir proper mancion
Then ryght amiddes, of the Dragons head
And Uenus and she, made coniunction
From her combust way, she had her so sped
She had no let, that was to be dredde
The assured ayre, was depaynted cleare
With golden beames, of fayre Phebus speare

Then forth so went, good councell and I
At. vi. at clocke, vnto a garden fayre
By mulikes tower, walled most goodly
Where la bell Pucell, bled to repayre
In the swete morynng, for to take the ayre
Among the flowers, of aromatyke fume

The misty ayre, to exile and consume

And at the gate, we mette the porteresse
That was right gentle, and called curtesye
Whiche salued vs, with wordes of mekenes
And asked vs, the very cause and why
Of our commyng, to the garden sothell
Truely saied we, for nothing but well
A little to speake, with la bell Pucell.

Truely quod she, in the garden grene
Of many a swete, and sundry floure
She maketh a garlande, that is verye shene
With trueloues wrought, with many a coloure
Replete with swetenes, and dulcet odoure
And all alone, without company
Amiddes an harber, she sitteth pleasauntly

Nowe stande you styll, for a little space
I will let her, of you haue knowledgyng
And right anone, she wente to her grace
Tellyng her then, howe we were commyng
To speake with her, greatly desirynge
Truely she saied, I am ryght well content
Of their commyng, to knowe the whole entent

Then good curtesy, without taryng
Came vnto vs, with all her diligence
Prayyng vs, to take our entrynge
And come vnto, the ladies presence
To tell your errande, to her excellence
Then in we went, to the garden glorious
Like to a place, of pleasure most solacious

With

With Flora painted, and wrought curiously
In diuers knottes, of marueylous greatnes
Rampande Lyons, stode vp wonderly
Made all of herbes, with dulcet swetenes
With many dragons, of marueylous likenes
Of diuers floures, made full craftely
By Flora coloured, with colours sundrye

Amiddes the garden, so muche delectable
There was an harber, fayre and quadrant
To Paradise, right well comparable
Set all about, with floures flagrant
And in the middle, there was resplendisshaunt
A dulcet spring, and marueylous fountaine
Of golde and asure, made all certaine

In wonderfull, and curious similitude
There stode a dragon, of fine golde so pure
Upon his tayle, of mighty fortitude
Wrethed and skaled, all wyth asure
Hauyng thre heades, diuers in figure
Whiche in a bathe, of the siluer great
Spouted the water, that was so dulcet.

Beside whiche fountaine, the most fayre lady
La bell Bucell, was gayly sittyng
Of many floures, fayre and royally
A goodly chaplet, she was in makynge
Her heere was downe, so clearely shinyng
Like to the golde, late purified with fire
Her heere was bryght, as the drawen wyre

Like to a ladye, for to be right true

She ware a fayre, and goodly garment
Of most fine veluet, all of Indy blewe
With armines powdred, bordred at the vent
On her fayre handes, as was conuenient
A payre of gloues, right slender, and soft
In approchyng nere, I did beholde her oft.

And when that I came, before her presence
Unto the grounde, I did knele adowne
Saiyng O Ladye, most fayre of excellence
O starre so clere, of vertuous renowne
Whose beauty fayre, in euery realme and towne
Indued with grace, and also goodnes
Dame Fame the her selfe, dothe euermore expresse

Amoure.

Please it your grace, for to geue audience
Unto my wofull, and piteous complainte
Howe feruent lone, wythout resistence
My carefull hart, hath made lowe and fayne
And you therof, are the whole constrayne
Your beauty truely, hath me fettred fast
Without your helpe, my life is neare hand past.

Pucell.

Stande vp quod she, I marueil of this cace
What sodayne loue, hath you so arayed
With so great payne, your hart to embrace
And why for me, ye shoulde be so dismayed
As of your life, ye nede not to be afrayed
For ye of me nowe, haue no great awe
But when ye list, ye may your loue with drawe.

Amoure

Amoure.

Then stode I vp, and right so did she
Alas I saied then, my hart is so set
That it is yours, it may none other be
Your selfe hath caught it, in so sure a nette
That if that I may not, your fauour get
No doubt it is, the great paine of loue
May not asswage, till death it remoue.

Pucell.

Truely quod she, I am obedient
Unto my frendes, whiche do me so gyde
They shall me rule, as is conuenient
In the snare of loue, I will nothing slide
My chaunce or fortune, I will yet abide
I thanke you, for your loue right humblye
But I your cause, can nothing remedy.

Amoure.

Alas madame, if I haue enterprised
A thing to hye, truely for my degree
All those causes, whiche I haue commised
Hath bene on fortunes, gentle vnitie
Trusting truely, that she woulde fauour me
In this case, wherfore nowe excuse
Your humble seruaunt, and not me refuse

Pucell.

Ha ha, what vayleth all your flattery
Your fayned wordes, shal not me appose
To make mine hart, to encline inwardly
For I my selfe nowe, do nothing suppose

But for to proue me, you flatter and glose
You shal not dye, as long as you speake
There is no loue, can cause your hart to breake

Amoure.

I woulde madame, you had prerogatiue
To knowe the priuitie, of my perfect mynde
Howe all in payne, I leade a wofull liue
Then as I trowe, ye woulde not be vnkinde
But that some grace, I might in you finde
To cause mine hart, whiche you fettred sure
With brennyng chaynes, suche wo to endure.

Pucell.

By very reason, I may geue iudgement
That it is the guile. of you euerychone
To faine you sicke, by subtill argument
When to your lady, you list to make your mone
But of you true, there is fewe or none
For all your payne, and wordes eloquente
With dame repentaunce, I will not be shent.

Amoure.

O swete madame, nowe all my destiny
Unhap and happy, vpon you dothe knowe
If that you call me, vnto your mercy
Of all happy, the most happy I trowe
Then shall I be, of hye degree or lowe
And if ye list, so me then to forsake
Of all vnhappy, none shalbe my make.

Pucell.

Your fortune on me, is not more applied

Then

Then vpon other, for my minde is free
I haue your purpose, oft inoughe denied
You knowe your aunswere, nowe certaintie
What nede your wordes, of curiositie
Woe here no more, for you shall not spede
Go loue an other, where ye may haue mede.

Amoure.

That shall I not, thoughe that I continue
All my life, in payne and heauines
I shall not chaunge you, for none other new
You are my lady, you are my mistris
Whom I shall serue, with all my gentleues
Exyle him neuer, from your hart so deare
Whiche vnto his, hath set you most neare

Pucell.

The minde of men, chaungeth as the mone
If you mete one, whiche is fayre and bright
Ye loue her best, till ye se right sone
An other fayrer, vnto your owne sight
Unto her then, your mind is turned ryght
Truely your loue, though ye make it straunge
I knowe full well, ye will it often chaunge.

Amoure.

Alas madame, nowe the bright lodes starre
Of my true hart, where euer I go or ride
Thoughe that my bodye, be from you a farre
Yet my hart onely, shall with you abide
When then you list, ye may for me prouide
A remedy swete lady, of my harte
It is your owne, it can nothing astart.

Pucell.

Nay truely, it can nothing be mine
For I therof, take no possession
Your hart is yours, by substanciall line
It is not in my domination,
Loue where ye list, at euery season
Your hart is free, I do not it accept
It is your owne, I haue it neuer kept.

Amoure.

Alas madame, ye may say what yon list
With your beauty, ye toke mine hart in snare
your louely lokes, I coulde not resist
Your vertuous maner, encreaseth my care
That of all ioye, I am denoyde and bare
I se you right often, when I am a slepe
And when I wake, do sigh with teares depe

Pucell.

So great deceite, among men there is
That harde it is, to finde one full stable
Ye are so subtill, and so falsely wys
Your great deceite, is nothing commendable
In stories olde, it is well probable
Howe many ladies, hath bene right falsely
With men deceyued, yll and subtilly

Amoure.

O good madame, thoughe that they abused
Them to their ladies, in their great deceipt
Yet am I true, let me not be refused
Ye haue me taken, with so faire a baite

That

That ye shall neuer, out of my conceite
I can not wrinche, by no wile nor croke
My hart is fast, vpon so sure a hoke

Pucell.

Ye so saied they, til that they had their will
Their will accomplished, they did fle at large
For men say well, but they thinke full yll
Though outward swetenes, your tõg doth enlarg
Yet of your hart, I neuer can haue charge
For men do loue, as I am right sure
Nowe one, nowe an other, after their pleasure

Amoure.

All that madame, I knowe right perfectly
Some men there be, of that condicion
That them delite, often in nouelry
And many allo, loue perfection
I cast all suche nouels, in adiection
My loue is set, vpon a perfite grounde
No falshede in me, truely shalbe founde.

Pucell.

Ye say full well, if ye meane the same
But I in you can haue no confidence
I thinke right well, that it is no game
To loue vnloued, with perring influence
You shall in me finde, no suche negligence
To graunt you loue, for ye are vnthrifty
As two or thre, to me dothe specifie.

Amoure.

Was neuer louer, without enemies thre

As enuy, malice, and perturbaunce
Their tongues are poyson, vnto amitie
What man on liue, can vse suche gouernaunce
To attaine fauoure, withouten variaunce
Of euery person, but right priuely
Behinde his backe, some saieth vnhappily.

Pucell.

Trouthe it is, but yet in this case
Your loue and mine, is full farre a sunder
But thoughe that I do, your hart so race
If I dreade you, it is therof no wonder
With my frendes, I am so sore kept vnder
I dare not loue, but as they accorde
They thinke to wedde me, to a mighty Lorde

Amoure.

I knowe madame, that your frendes all
Unto me, sure will be contrarious
But what for that, your selfe in speciall
Remember there is, no loue so ioyous
As is your owne, to you most precious
Will you geue your youthe, and your flouryng age
To them, against your minde in mariage

Pucell.

Against my minde, of that were I lothe
To wedde for feare, as them to obey
yet had I rather, they were somewhat wrothe
For I my selfe, do beare the locke and keye
Yet of my minde, and will do many a daye
Mine owne I am, what that I list to do

I

I stande vntied, there is no ioye therto.

Amoure.

O swete lady, the good perfect starre
Of my true hart, take ye nowe pitie
Thinke on my paine, whiche am tofore you here
With your swete eyes, beholde you and se
Howe thought and wo, by great extremitie
Hath chaunged my hue, into pale and wanne
It was not so, when I to loue began.

Pucell.

So me thinke, it dothe right well appeare
By your coloure, that loue hath done you wo
Your heuy countenaunce, & your doleful cheare
Hath loue suche might, for to aray you so
In so short a space, I maruell muche also
That ye wouide loue me, so sure in certayne
Before ye knew, that I wouide loue agayne

Amoure

My good deare hart, it is no maruaile why
Your beauty cleare, and lonely lokes swete
My hart did perce, with loue so sodainely
At the firste time, that I did you mete
In the olde temple, when I did you grete
Your beauty my hart, so surely assayed
That sithe that time, it hath to you obeyed

Pucell. Capitu. xix.

YOur wo and paine, & all your languischyng
Continually, ye shall not spende in vayne
Sithē I am cause, of your great mozning

Nothinge exile you, shall I by disdaine
Your hart and mine, shall neuer part in twaine
Thoughe at the first, I woulde not condescende
It was for feare, ye did some yll entende

Amoure

With thought of yll, my minde was neuer mixt
To you madame, but alway cleane and pure
Bothe day and night, vpon you whole perfixt
But I my minde, yet durst nothing discure
Howe for your sake, I did suche wo endure
Till nowe this houre, with dredfull hart so faint
To you swete hart, I haue made my complaint

I demed oft, you loued me before
By your demenoure, I did it espye
And in my minde, I iudged euermore
That at the last, ye woulde full secretely
Tell me your minde, of loue right gentlely
As ye haue done, so my mercy to craue
In all worshyp, you shall my true loue haue

Amoure.

O lorde God then, howe ioyfull was I
She loked on me, with louely countenaunce
I kiste heronce or twise, right swetely
Her depured vysage, repleate with pleasaunce
Reioyced my hart, with amerous purueyaunce
O lady cleare, that perst me at the rote
O floure of comfort, all my heale and bote

O gemme of vertue, and lady excellent
Aboue all other, in beauteous goodlines

O eyen bright, as starre refulgent
O profounde cause, of all my sickenes
Nowe all my ioye, and all my gladnes
Woulde God that we were, ioyned in one
In mariage before, this daye were gone

Pucell.

A sayed she, ye must take payne a while
I must depart, by the compulcion
Of my frendes, I will not you begile
Thoughe they me leade, to a farre nacion
My hart shalbe, without variacion
With you present, in perfite vnitie
As true and stable, without doublenes

To me to come, is harde and daungerous
When I am there, for gyantes vgly
With monsters also, blacke and tedious
That by the way, awaite full cruelly
For to destroye you, yll and vtterly
When you that waye, do take the passage
To attaine my loue, by hye aduauntage.

Amoure.

All that madame, was to me certified
By good dame Fame, at the beginnyng
When she to me, of you well notified
As she came from, the tower of learnyng
Of all suche enemies, the might excluding
I promise vnto you, here full faithfully
When I depart, from dame astronomy

That I will to, the tower of chiualry

And for your sake, become aduenturous
To subdue all enemies, to me contrary
That I may after, be right ioyous
With you my lady, most swete and precious
Wo worthe the cause, of your departynge
Whiche all my sorowes, is in renuyng.

Alas what pleasure, and eke without disport
Shall I now haue, when that ye be gone
Ha ha truely, nowe without good comfort
My dolorous hart, shalbe left alone
Without your presence, to me is none
For euery houre, I shall thinke a yere
Till Fortune bryng me, vnto you more neare

Yet after you, I will not be right long
But haste me after, as fast as I may
In the tower of chiualry, I shall make me strong
And after that, passe shortly on my way
With diligent labour, on my iourney
Spite of your enemies, I shall me so spede
That in short time, ye may reward my mede

I thanke you quod she, with my hart entire
But yet with me, ye shall make couenaunte
As I to you, am right lefe and deare
Unto no person, ye shall so aduaunte
That I to loue you, am so attendaunt
For any thing, your councell not bewraye
For that full sone, might vs bothe betray

And to tell me, I pray you hartely
Yonder is councell, howe were you acquainted

He

He is bothe honeſt, and true certainely
Dothe he not knowe, how your hart is fainted
With feruent loue, ſo ſurely attainted
If he ſo do, yet I nothing repent
He is ſo ſecrete, and true of entent

Truely madame, becauſe ye are contente
I ſhall you tell, howe the matter was
When that your beauty, clearely ſpendent
Into my hart, full wonderſly did paſſe
Like as fayre Phebus, dothe ſhine in the glaſſe
All alone, with inwarde care ſo rent
Into a temple, forthe on my way I wente

Where that I walked, plunged in the pitte
Of great diſpayre, and he then me mette
Alas he ſaied, me thinke ye loſe your witte
Tell me the trouthe nowe, without any let
Why ye demeane, ſuche mortall ſorowe great
Auoyde quod I, you ſhall nothing it knowe
You can not helpe me, in the caſe I trowe

But he ſuche reaſon, and fruitefull ſentence
Did for him laye, that I tolde him all
When he it knewe, with all his diligence
He did me comfort, then in ſpeciall
Unto my minde, he bade me to call
Who ſpareth to ſpeake, he to ſpede dothe ſpare
Go tell your lady, the cauſe of your care

By whoſe councell, grounded in wiſdome
To the entent, I ſhoulde ſpede the better
And right ſhortly, I did then to you come

But dreade alway, made my sorow greater
After great paine, the ioyes is the sweter
For who that tasteth, painefull bitternes
The ioye to him, is double swetenes

And therwithall, I did vnto her bryng
Councell my frende, and full right meke
Did him receiue, as he was comming
And of all thinges, she did him beseke
After her parting, the same weke
To haste me forwarde, to my iourneyes ende
Thereto quod I, I do well condescende

Fare well quod she, I may no lenger tarye
My frendes will come, of that were I lothe
I shall retaine you, in my memory
And thei it knewe, they woulde with me be wroth
To loue you best, I promise you my trouth
And then mine eyen, great sorowe shewed
With teares salte, my chekes were endued

Her eyes graye, began to loke right redde
Her gaye white coloure, began for to pale
Upon her chekes, so the droppes were spredde
Whiche from her eyen, began to aduale
From her swete hart, she did the sighes hale
Neuer before, as I trowe and wene
Was suche departing, true louers bet wene

We wiped our chekes, our sorowes to cloke
Outwardly fayning vs, to be gladde and mery
That the people should, not perceiue the smoke
Of our hote fire, to light the emispery

Though

Thoughe inwardly, with a stormy pery
The fire was blowen, yet wee did it couer
Because abroade, it shoulde nothing perceuer

Out of the garden, to an hauen side
Forthe we went, where was a shippe ryght large
That taried there, after the flowyng tide
And so then did there, many a boate and barge
The shippe was great, fiue. C. tunne to charge
La bell Pucell, right anone me tolde
In yonder shippe, whiche that ye beholde

Forthe must I sayle, without lenger delay
It is full sea, my frendes will come sone
Therfore I pray you to go hence your way
It draweth fast nowe, towarde the none
Madame quod I, your pleasure shalbe done
With wofull hart, and great sighes oft
I kissed her lippes, that were swete and soft

She vnto me, nor I vnto her coulde speake
And as of that, it was no great wonder
Our hartes swelled, as that they shoulde breake
The fire of loue, was so sore kept vnder
When I from her, shoulde departe asunder
With her fayre heade, she did lowe encline
And in likewise, so did I with myne

¶ Of the greate sorowe that graunde Amoure made after her departyng, and of the wordes of Councell. Capitu. xx.

Her frendes and she, on their way they sayled
Along the hauen, god them saue and bryngе
Unto the land, I heard whē that they haled
With a great peale of gunnes, at their departyng
The marueylouse tower, of famous cunnyng
No gunne was shotte, but my hart did wepe
For her departyng, with wofull teares depe

Councell me comforted, as euer he might
With many stories, of olde antiquitie
Remember he saied, that neuer yet was wight
That liued alway, in great tranquilitie
But that him happed, some aduersitie
Then after that, when the payne was past
The double ioye, did comfort them at last.

Ye nede nothing, for to make great doloure
Fortune to you, hath bene right fauourable
Wakyng you, to attayne the good fauour
Of your lady, so swete and amiable
No doubt it is, she is true and stable
And demeane you so, that in no wise
No man perceiue, or of your loue surmise.

Be hardy, fearce, and also couragious
In all your battailes, without feblenes
For ye shall be, right well victorious
Of all your enemies, so full of subtilnes
Arme you with wisdome, for more sureness
Let wisdome worke, for she can stedfastlye
In time of nede, resist the contrary

Was neuer man, yet surely at debate

With

With Sapience, but that he did repent
Who that is ruled, by her highe estate
Of his after witte, shall neuer be shent
She is to man, right beneuolent
With walles sure, she dothe him fortifie
When it is nede, to resist a contrary.

Was neuer place, where as she did guide
With enemies, brought to destruction
A remedy, she can so well prouide
To her high worke, is no comparison
It hath so strong, and sure foundation
Nothing there is. that can it molifye
So sure it is, agaynst a contrarye

Of her alwayes, it is the perfect guise
To begyn nothing, of mutabilitie
As is the warre, whiche may sone aryse
And will not downe, it maye so sturdy be
The beginner oft, hath the iniquitie
When he began, wisdome did reply
In his great nede, to resist the contrary

The mighty Pryant, sometime king of Troye
With all his citye, so well fortified
Little regarded, all his wealth and ioye
Without wisedome, truely exemplified
His proper death, him selfe he nutrified
Agaynst his warre, wisdome did replye
At his great nede, to resist the contrary

And where that wisdome, ruleth hardines
Hardines then is, euer inuincible

There may nothing, it vanquiche or oppresse
For prudence is, so well intelligible
To her there is, nothing impossible
Her grounded worke, is made so perfitely
That it must nedes, resist the contrary

To wofull creatures, she is goodly leche
With her good sister, called pacience
To the tower of ioye, she dothe them tell weche
In the way of hope, without resistence
Who to her list, to apply his diligence
She will him bringe, to worship shortelye
That he shall well, resist the contrary.

Right so let wisdome, your sorowe surrende
And hye you fast, vnto dame Geometry
And let no thought, in your hart engender
But after this, speake to astronomy
And so from thence, to the tower of chiualry
Where of the worthy king Melyzyus
You shalbe made, lone knight aduenturous

And fare you well, for I must from you go
To other louers, whiche are in dispaire
As I did you, to comfort them also
It is great nede, that I to them repayre
Habounddaunt teares, their hartes do refleire
Fare well quod I, my good frende so true
I woulde with me, ye might alway ensue

Then agayne I went, to the tower melodious
Of good dame musike, my leaue for to take
And priuely, with these wordes dolorous

I laied O tower, thou maiest wel aslake
Suche melody nowe, in the moze to make
The gemme is gone, of all famous pozt
That was chefe cause, of the great comfozt

Whilome thou was, the faire tower of light
But nowe thou art, replete with darkenes
She is nowe gone, that shone in the so bzight
Thou wast sometime, the tower of gladnes
Nowe maist thou be, the tower of heauines
Foz the chefe is gone, of all thy melody
Whose beauty cleare, made most swete armony

The faire carbuncle, so full of clearenes
That in the truely, did most purely shine
The pearle of pitie, replete with swetenes
The gentle gilloflowre, the goodly columbine
The redolent plante, of the dulcet vyne
The dede aromatike, may no moze encense
Foz she is so farre, out of thy pzesence

A a truely, in the time so past
Mine errande was, the often foz to se
Nowe foz to enter, I may be agast
When thou art hence, the starre of beauty
Foz all my delite, was to beholde the
A tower tower, all my ioye is gone
In the to enter, comfozt is there none

So then inwardly, my selfe bewaylyng
In the tower I went, into the habitacle
Of dame musike, where she was singyng
The ballades swete, in her fayze tabernacle

Alas thought I, this is no spectacle
To fede mine eyen, whiche are nowe all blynde
She is not here, that I was wont to finde.

Then of dame musike, with all lowlines
I did take my leaue, withouten taryng
She thanked me, with all her mekenes
And all alone, forthe I went musyng
A a quod I, my loue and likyng
Is nowe farre hence, on whom my whole delite
Daicly was set, vpon her to haue sight

Farewell swete harte, farewell, farewel, farewel
Adieu, adieu, I woulde I were you by
God gene me grace, with you soue to dwell
Like as I did, for to se you dayly
Your lowly cheare, and gentle company
Reioysed my hart, with fode most delicate
Mine eyen to se you, were insaciate

Nowe good swete hart, my lady and mistrys
I recommende me, vnto your pitie
Beseechyng you, with all my gentilnes
Yet other while, to thinke vpon me
What payne I suffer, by great extremitie
And to pardon me, of my rude writyng
For with wofull hart, was mine endityng

Capitu. xxi.

SO forthe I went, vpon a craggy roche
Unto the tower, most wōderfully wrought

Of

Of Geometrye, and as I did approche
The altitude, all in my mynde I sought
Sixe hundred fote, as I by number thought
Quadrant it was, and did heue and sette
At euery stonne, when the winde was great

Thus at the last, I came into an hall
Hanged with arras, ryche and precious
And euery windowe, glased with Cristall
Like a place of pleasure, muche solacious
With knottes serangled, gaye and glorious
The rouke did hange, right high and pleasantly
By geometry made, right well and craftely

In this marueylous hall, replete with riches
At the hye ende, she sate full worthely
I came anone, vnto her great nobles
And kneled adowne, before her mekely
Madame I saied, ye worke full royally
I beseche you, with all my diligence
To instruct me, in your wonderfull science.

My science saied she, it is most profitable
Vnto astronomy, for I do it measure
In euery thing, as it is probable
For I my selfe, can right well discure
Of euery starre, whiche is sene in vre
The marueylous greatnes, by me measuryng
For god made all, at the beginnyng.

By good measuryng, both the height and depenes
Of euery thing, as I vnderstande
The length and breadth, with all the greatnes

Of the firmament, so passyng the lande
And who my cunnyng, list to take in hande
In his emispery, of hye or lowe degre
Nothing there is, but it may measure be.

Thoughe that it be, from vs hye and farre
If any thing fall, we may it truly se
As the sunne or mone, or anyother starre
We may therof, knowe well the quantitie
Who of this science, dothe knowe the certentie
All maistries might, measure perfitely
For geometrye, dothe shewe it openlye

Where that is measure, there is no lackyng
Where that is measure, whole is the body
where that is measure, good is the liuyng
Where that is measure, wisdome is truely
where that is measure, worke is dyrectly
Where that is measure, natures worckynge
Nature encreaseth, by right good knowledgynge.

Where lacketh measure, there is no plentie
Where lacketh measure, sicke is the courage
where lacketh measure, there is iniquitie
where lacketh measure, there is great outrage
where lacketh measure, is none aduauntage
where lacketh measure, there is great glottony
Where lacketh measure, is most vnhappy

For there is no hye, nor great estate
Withouten measure, can kepe his dignitie
It doth preserue him, bothe early and late
Keppyng him from, the pitte of pouertie

Measure is moderate, to all bountie
Greatly nedefull, for to take the charge
Man for to rule, that he go not at large

Who loueth measure, can not do amisse
So perfitely is, the highe operation
Among all thinges, so wonderfull it is
That it is full, of all delectation
And to vertue, hath inclination
Measure also, dothe well exemplifie
The hasty dome, to swage and modefye.

Without measure, wo worthe the iudgement
Without measure, wo worthe the temperaunce
without measure, wo worthe the punishment
without measure, wo worthe the purueyaunce
Without measure, wo worthe the sustenaunce
Without measure, wo worthe the sadnesse
And without measure, wo worthe the gladnes

Measure measuryng, measuratly taketh
Measure measuryng, measuratly dothe all
Measure measuryng, measuratly maketh
Measure measuryng, measuratlye guide shall
Measure measuryng, measuratly dothe call
Measure measuryng, to right hye preeminence
For alway measure, is grounde of excellence

Measure measureth, measure in effect
Measure measureth, euery quantitie
Measure measureth, alway the aspecte
Measure measureth, in certaintie
Measure measureth, in the stabilitie

Measure measureth, in euery doubtfull case
And measure is the lodestarre of all grace.

Affect of measure, is long continuaunce
Quantitie without measure is nought
Aspect of measure, deuoydeth repentaunce
Certayne woulde weye, all thinges thought
Stabilitie, vpon a perfect grounde is wrought
Case doubtfull may, yet a while abide
Grace may in space, a remedy prouide

Countenaunce causeth, the promocion
Nought anayleth seruice, without attendaunce
Repentaunce is after all abusion
Thought afore, woulde haue had perceueraunce,
Wrought howe should be, by dede the mischaunce
Abide nothing, till thou do the dede
Proulde in minde, how thou maist haue mede.

Promocion groweth, after good gouernaunce
Attendaunce dothe, attayne good fauoure
Abusion is cayser, of all variaunce
Perceueraunce causeth the great honoure
Mischaunce alway, is rote of doloure
Dede done, can not be called agayne
Mede well rewarded, bothe with ioye and payne.

Then I toke my leaue, and went from Geometry
Towarde astronomy as fast as I myght
For all my minde, was set right inwardly
Upon my lady, that was fayre and bryght
My hart with her, was bothe day and nyght
She had it locked, with a locke so sure

It was her owne, she had therof toe cure

Capitu. xxii.

Then forthe I went, into a medowe grene
With floza painted, in many a sundzy colour
Like a gay goddesse, of all flours the quene
Shye encensed out, her aromatike odoure
The bzethe of zepherus, encreased the floure
Amydds the medowe fayze, resplendishant
Was a paulion, ryght hye and quadzant.

Of grene sarcenet, bozdzed with golde
Wherin did hange, a fayze astrology
Whiche oft astronomy, did full well beholde
Unto whom then, I came full shortly
And kneled adowne, befoze her mekely
Besechyng her, of her great gentlenes
Of her science, to shewe the perfectnes.

My science sayed she, it is right reasonable
And is the last, of the sciences seuen
Unto man, it is also ryght profitable
Shewyng the course, aboue of the heauen
Ryght marueylous, foz any man to neuen
Who knewe astronomy, at euery maner season
Myght set in ozder, euery thing by reason.

Also the other. vi. sciences liberall
By astronomy, principally were founde
And one were losse, they were banished all

Eche vpon other, hath so sure a grounde
In all the worlde, that is so wide and rounde
Is none so wise, that can them multiply
Nor knowe them all, right well and surely.

The high astronomer, that is God omnipotent
That the first day, deuided all the light
From the darkenes, with his will prepotent
And the second day, with his excellent might
The waters aboue, he did deuide a tyght
From the earthly waters, whiche are inferial
The thirde day, herbes and fruites in special

In earth he planted, for to haue their life
By diuers vertues, and sundry growyng
So to continue, and be begitatife
And the fourthe day, he set in worckyng
The bodies aboue, to haue their mouyng
In the .xii. signes, them selues to domifye
Some retrogarde, and some directly

The fift daye, he did fisches make
In the sea, the great stormy flowde
To and fro, their courses for to take
And in the water, for to haue their fode
Like to the same, colde alway their bloude
The sixt daye, beastes with fowles sensatiue
And man also, with soule intellectyue.

The seuenth day, he rested of his worke
Nothing constrayned, as of werines
As writeth many a right famous clarke
But that he had, accomplished doubtles

His

His purposed purpose, by infinite prowes
As to vs dothe most plainely discure
The perfect grounde, of holy scripture

Thus God him selfe, is chefe astronomer
That made all thing, accordyng to his will
The sunne, the mone, and euery little starre
To a good entent, and for no maner of yll
Withouten vayne, he did all thing fulfyll
As astronomy, dothe make apparaunce
By reason he weyed, all thinges in balaunce

Capitulo. xxiii.

AND for as muche, that he made nature
First of all, to haue domination
The power of her, I shall anone discure
Howe that she taketh, her operation
And where vpon, is her foundation
I simple and rude, oppressed with negligence
Shall discriue the might, of her preeminence

For thoughe that aungell be inuincible
In palpable, and also celestiall
Without substaunce, as incencible
Yet haue they nature, whiche is angelicall
For nature, naturyng, naturate made all
Heauen and earth, and the bodies aboue
By course of nature, for to worke and moue.

On man or beast, without any misse

She worketh directly, after the aspect
Of the matter, be it more or lesse I wisse
And dothe therof, the whole forme direct
After the qualitie, it dothe take effect
If there be more, then may one suffise
A by member, she will then more deuise.

As that in vre, ye may it dayly se
Upon one hande, some hath thombes twayne
And other also, sometime armes thre
The superfluitie, is cause therof certayne
Whiche that dame nature, dothe constrayne
So for to do, for she leseth nought
Of the matter, but hath it wholy wrought.

And in likewise, where is not sufficient
Of the matter, for the whole formation
There lacketh a member, by great impediment
So that there can be no perfite fashion
As may be iudged, by perfite reason.
After the qualitie, of the matter lackyng
So lacketh they, of natures formyng.

Some lacketh a legge, some an arme also
Some a finger, and some more or lesse
All these causes, with many other mo
Nature worketh, so directly doubtles
Upon the matter, as I do expresse
After the qualitie, in many a sundry wise
The kinde of her, we ought nothing despise.

Some be fayre, and replete with grace
Some be fayre, and yet right vnhappy

Some

Some be fouls, and can sone purchase
Landes and possessions, to them shortly
Some be fooles, and some be right wittye
Wherupon I shal shewe a difference,
Of the.v. wittes, by good experience.

Capit. xxiiii.

The eyen, the eares, and also the nose
The mouth & hands, inward wits are none
But outward offices, as ye may suppose
To the inward wittes, whiche do iudge alone
For vnto them, all thinges haue gone
By these outward gates, to haue the knowleging
By the inwarde wittes, to haue decernyng

These are the fiue wittes, remouyng inwardly
First commen witte, and then ymagination
Fantasy, and estimation truely
And memory, as I make narration
Eche vpon other, hath occupation
First the commen witte, vnto the front applied
Do the thinke, decerne, it may not be denied

Of the eyen, the office onely is the syght
To se the fayre, the lowe, or altitude
The white or blacke, the beauy, or the light
The litle or great, the weake or fortitude
The vgly fauoure, or yet the pulcritude
This is the vse, of the eyen enteare
To se all thinges, whiche may well appeare.

But of them ſelues, they can deceme nothing
One from an other, but the commen witte
Deceineth coloures, by ſpirituall cunning
To the fiue inwarde wittes, it is ſo well knitte
Nothing is ſene, but it dothe iudge it
It dothe deceme, the good from badnes
The hye, the lowe, the foule, the fairenes

The noſe alſo, euery ayze dothe ſmell
But yet it hath, nothing auctho3itie
If it be ſwete, fo3 to iudge and tell
But the commen witte, dothe it in certainetie
Decernyng ſauours, in euery degre
Knowyng the ſwete ayze, from the ſtinkyng
When that the noſe, therof hath ſmellyng

The eares alſo, ryght well gene audience
Unto a tale, hearyng it right perfectly
But they can not, diſcerne the ſentence
To knowe wherupon, it dothe ſo ratifie
Upon great wiſdome, o3 els vpon foly
Thus whether the tale, be ryght good o3 badde
By the commen witte, the knowledge is had

Foly hath eares, as well as Sapience
But he can not determine, by his hearyng
What tale it is, fo3 lacke of intelligence
Fo3 the commen witte, is all vnderſtandyng
And that he lacketh, to geue him knowyng
Wherfo3e the eares, are but an intreſſe
To the cõmen witte, that ſheweth the perfectnes

The mouthe taſteth, bothe ſwete and bitternes

But

But the commen witte, decerneth properly
If it be soure, or replete with swetenes
Nor yet the handes, fele nothing certainely
But the commen witte, decerneth subtilly
Whether it be harde, moist, or of drynes
Hote, heauy, soft, or yet colde doubtles

Thus commen witte, worketh wonderfly
Wpon the. v. gates, whiche are receptatyue
Of euery thing, for to take inwardely
By the commen witte, to be affirmatyue
Or by decernyng, to be negatiue
The commen witte, the first of wittes all
Is to decerne, all thinges in generall

And then secondly, ymagination
When the commen witte, hath the thing elect
It worketh by all, due inclinacion
For to bryng the matter, to the whole affect
And fantasy, then hath the whole aspect
The ymagined matter, to bring to finishment
With good delire, and inwarde iudgement

And estimacion, dothe well comprehende
The space, the place, and all the purueyaunce
At what tyme the power, myght entende
To bryng the cause, vnto perfect vtteraunce
Often it weygheth, the cause in balaunce
By estimation, any thing is numbred
By lengthe or shortnes, howe it is accombred

Fiftely the mynde, when the fourth haue wrought
Retayned all, tyll the mynde haue made

An outwarde knowledge, to the matter thought
Because nothing, shall decline and fade
It kepeth the matter, nothinge rethrogarde
But dyrectly, till the minde haue proued
All suche matters, whiche the .iiii. haue moued

Plato the cunnyng, and famous clarke
That well experte, was in Philosophy
Dothe ryght rehearse, vpon natures warke
Howe that she worketh, vpon al wonderfly
Bothe for to minishe, and to multiplye
In sundry wise, by great direction
After the matter, with all the whole affection

In my native language, I will not expresse
More of her worke, for it is obscure
Who will therof, knowe all the perfectnes
In philosophy, he shall finde it ryght sure
Whiche all the trouth, can to him discure
Noman can attayne, perfect cunnyng
But by long study, and diligent learnyng

Capit. xxv.

The right hye power, nature naturyng
Naturate made, the bodyes aboue
In sundry wise, to take their worckyng
That aboute the worlde, naturallye do moue
As by good reason, the philosophers proue
That the planets and starres, instrumentes be

To

To natures wozkyng, in euery degre.

God gaue great vertue, to the planets all
And ſpecially, vnto depured Phebus
To enlumine the wozlde, euer in ſpeciall
And then the mone, of her ſelfe tenebzous
Wade light with the beames, gay and glozious
Of the ſunne, is fayze reſplendiſh aunt
In the long nyght, with rayes radiaunt

By theſe twayne, euery thyng hath growynge
Bothe vegitatiue, and cenſatyue alſo
And alſo intellectiue, without lealyng
No earthly thyng, may haue life and go
But by the planets, that moue to and fro
When that God ſet them, in operation
He gaue them vertue, in diuers faſhion

Some hote and moyſt, and ſome colde and dzye
Some hote and dzye, moiſt and colde
Thus euery one, hath vertues ſundzye
As is made mencion, in the bokes olde
They ſhew their power & wozke, many a folde
Man vpon them, hath his diſpoſion
By the naturate power, of conſtellation

What ſhoulde I wzite moze, in this matter hye
In my maternall tonge, oppzeſt with ignozaunce
Foz who that liſt, to learne aſtronemye
He ſhall fynde, all fruitfull pleaſaunce
In the latine tongue, by goodly ozdinaunce
Wherfoze of it, I will no lenger tarye
Foz feare from trouth, that I happen to vary

Of dame astronomy, I did take my licence
For to trauell, to the tower of chiualry
For all my mynde, with percyng influence
Was set vpon, the most fayre ladye
La bell Pucell, so muche ententifye
That euery day, I did thinke fiftene
Till I againe, had her swete person sene.

TO you expert, in the seuen science
Nowe all my masters, I do me excuse
If I offended, by my great necligence
This little worke, yet do ye not refuse
I am but ponge, it is to me obtuse
Of these matters, to presume to endite
But for my learnyng, that I list to write

Under obedience, and the correction
Of you my masters, expert in cunnyng
I me submit, nowe with whole affection
Unto your perfite vnderstanding,
As euermore mekely, to yon enclinynge
With diligent laboure, nowe wout doubtaunce
To detray, or adde, all at your pleasaunce.

Howe graunde Amoure came to the tower of chualrye.

Capi. xxvi.

When

When clene Auroza, w̄ her goldē beames
Gan to enlumine, the darke clowdy ayze
And cōbust Dyane, her great fiery lemes
Amiddes of the bull, began to reflayze
Then on my iourney, my selfe to repayze
With my verlet, called attendaunce
Forthe on I rode, by long continuaunce

With my greyhounds, bothe grace & gouernaunce
Ouer an hill, and so downe in a baley
Among the thornes, of great encombraunce
The goodly greyhoundes, taught me on my waye
So forthe I passed, my troublous iourney
Till that I came, into a royall playne
With floza paynted, in many a sundzy vayne

With purple colour, the floure enhewed
In diuers knottes, with many one full blewe
The gentle gilloflloure, his odoure renued
With sundzy herbes, replete with vertue
Among these floures, as I did ensue
Castyng my syght, sodaynely so farre
Ouer a tower, I sawe a flambynge starre

Towarde this tower, as I rode nere and nere
I behelde the rocke, of marueilous altitude
On whiche it stode, that quadzant did appere
Made all of stele, of wonderous forztitude
Gargeylde with beastes, in sundzy similitude
And many turrettes, aboue the towers hye
With ymages was set, full marueylously

Towarde this tower, forthe on my way I went
Tyll that I came, to a mighty forztresse

Where I sawe hange, a marueylous instrument
With a shelde and helmet, before the entres
I knewe nothing, therof the perfectnes
But at auenture, the instrument I toke
And blewe so loude, that all the tower I shoke

When the porter, hearde the hydeous sounde
Of my right lusty, and stormy blast
That made the walles, therof to redounde
Full like a knight, that was nothing agast
Towarde the gate, he gaue him selfe to haste
And opened it, and asked my name
And fro whence I came, to certifie the same.

My name quod I, is graunde Amoure
Of late I came, from the tower of doctrine
Where I attayned, all the high honoure
Of the seuen sciences, me to enlumyne
And from thence, I did determine
For the to trauaile, to this tower of chiualry
Where I haue blowen, this blast so sodainely

When he hearde this, ryght gentilly he said
Unto this tower, ye must resort by right
For to renue, that hath bene longe decayed
The flower of chiualry, with your whole delite
Come on your way, it draweth toward night
And therwithall, he ledde me to his warde
Me to repose, in pleasaunt due safeguarde

After the trauell, my selfe for to ease
I did there rest, then in all goodly wise
And slept right well, without any disease

Tyll

Tyll on the morowe, the sunne did arise
Then vp I rose, as was my perfect guise
And made me ready, into the courte to go
With my verlet, and my greyhoundes also

The gentle porter, named stedfastnes
Into the base courte, on my way me brought
Where stode a tower, of marueylous highnes
That all of Jasper, full wonderfly was wrought
As any man, can printe in his thought
And foure ymages, aboue the tower there were
On horse backe armed, and euery one a speare.

These ymages were made, full curiously
With their horses, of the stele so fine
And eche of them, in their places sundry
About were set, that clerely did shine
Like Dyane cleare, in her celestyne
And vnder eche horse, there was full prively
A great whele made, by crafty Geometry.

With many cogges, vnto whiche were tied
Diuers cordes, that in the horses hollowe
To euery ioynte, full wonderfly applied
When the wheles went, the horses did folowe
To trotte and galop, bothe euen and morow
Breakyng their speares, & couide them discharge
Partyng a sunder, for to turney at large

Capi. xxvii.

BEside this tower, of olde foundation
There was a temple, strongly edified

To the highe honoure, and reputation
Of the mighty Mars, it was so fortified
And for to knowe, what it signified
I entred in, and sawe of golde so pure
Of worthy Mars, the marueylous picture.

There was depaynted, all about the wall
The great destruction, of the citye of Troy
And the noble actes, to raygne memoriall
Of the worthy Hector, that was all their ioye
His dolorous death, was harde to accoye
And so when Hector, was cast all downe
The hardy Troylus, was most hygh of renowne.

And as I cast my sight so aside
Beholdyng Mars, howe wonderfully he stode
On a whele toppe, with a lady of pryde
Haunced about, I thought nothing but good
But that she had, two faces in one hode
Yet I kneled adowne, and made myne orison
To doubty Mars, with great deuocion

Saiyng, O Mars, O god of the warre
The gentle lodestarre, of an hardy hart
Distyll adowne, thy grace from so farre
To cause all feare, from me to astarte
That in the felde, I may ryght well subuert
The hydeous monsters, and winne the victory
Of the sturdy gyauntes, with famous chyualry

O pryncc of honoure, and of worthy fame
O noble knyghtes, of olde antiquitie
O redoubted courage, the causer of their name
Whose

Whose worthy actes, Fame caused to be
In bokes written, as ye may well se
So geue me grace, ryght well to recure
The power of Fame, that shall long endure.

I thought me past, all childely ygnoraunce
The .xxi. yere, of my yonge flouryng age
I thought that Uenus, myght nothyng auaunce
Her strength agaynst me, with her lusty courage
My witte I thought, had suche aduauntage
That it shoulde rule, bothe Uenus and Cupide
But alas for wo, for all my sodayne pryde.

When that Phebus entred was, in Geminye
Towarde the crabbe, takyng ascention
At the time, of the great solemnitie
From heauen aboue, of Gods descention
In a great temple, with whole entencion
As I went walkyng, my selfe to and fro
Full sodaynely, Uenus wrought me suche wo

For as I cast then, my syght all aloft
I sawe Uenus, in beauty so cleare
Whiche caused Cupide, with his dart so soft
To wounde my hart, with feruent loue so deare
Her louyng countenaunce, so highe did appeare
That it me rauished, with a sodaine thought
Alas for wo, it auayled me right nought

To geue audience, vnto the melody
Of waytes and organs, that were at the feast
Loue had me wounded, so sore inwardly

What was to do, I knewe not the beſt
Replete with ſorowe, and deuoyde of reſt
Sithen the time, that ſhe my hart ſo wounded
My ioy and pryde, ſhe hath fnll lowe confounded.

And ſo nowe, for to attayne her grace
As thou doeſt knowe, become aduenturous
Beſechyng the, in this perillous caſe
O Mars me ſuccoure, in time tempeſtious
That I may paſſe, the paſſage daungerous
And to thy laude, honoure, and glory
I ſhall a temple, right ſtrongly edifye

Well then ſaied Mars, I ſhall the fortify
In all thy warre, as faſt as I can
But for thy payne, I knowe no remedy
For Uenus raygned, when that thou began
Firſt for to loue, makyng the pale and wanne.
And of the trouthe, to make relation
Thou was borne vnder, her conſtellation

Wherfore thou muſt, of very perfite ryght
Unto her lue, by the diſpoſicion
Whiche the conſtrayneth, with whole delite
For to loue ladyes, by true affection
Suche is her courſe, and operation
Wherfore when thou haſt learned perfitely
The for to gouerne, by pryudent chiualrye.

Then to fulfill, thy right hye enterpryſe
Forthe on thy way, thou ſhalt thy iourney take
Unto a temple, in all humble wiſe
Before dame Uenus, thine oblation to make

Whiche

Whiche all thy paine, maye sone redresse and slake
For at that time, she holdeth a parliment
To redresse louers, of their impediment

Aha quod fortune, with the faces twayne
Behinde sir Mars, I haue a great maruayle
That thou doest promise him, that he shal attayne
Unto his purpose, with all diligent trauayle
Throughe thine ayde, eke strength and counsayle
Sythence dependeth, in mine ordinaunce
Him to promote, or bryng to mischaunce

My power, estate, and royall dignitie
Dothe turne the whele, of worthely glory
Often vp so downe, by mutabilitie
Haue not I promoted, full noblye
Many a lowe degre, to raygne full royallye
And often haue made, a transmutation
Of worldely wealthe, into tribulation

Thus can I make, an alteration
Of worthely honoure, whiche dothe depende
All onely in my domination
Throughe the worlde, my whele dothe extende
As reason dothe, ryght well comprehende
Of my great chaunces, whiche are vnsure
As dayly dothe appere well in vre.

If I shoulde worke, with perfect stedfastnes
As to exalt some, to be honourable
And that they knewe, by perfite sykernes
That it shoulde dure, and not be variable

It were a thing, vnto me culpable
For great orguel pride, shoulde them so blynde
To know them selues, they should lose their mind

Thus when that they, shoulde them selues forget
And in no wise, their owne person knowe
Full little then, they woulde by me sette
That them exalted, to hye degree from lowe
And by my chaunce, coulde nought thē ouerthrow
Thus shoulde they do, & dreade me nothing
Wherfore my whele, is euermore turnyng

And where that I, shoulde turne my face
Casting some, in pytte of pouertye
They were condempned, without any grace
As for to attayne, any prosperitie
Whiche were a cause, of greate iniquitie
For riche mens goodes, I must oft translate
Vnto the pore, them for to eleuate

And thirdely, I shoulde lose my name
For this worde fortune, is well derified
Of an accident chaunce, bothe good or shame
When that the dede, is so exemplified
Wherfore by reason, I must be duplified
And nothing stable, in my hye warke
As writeth many, a ryght noble clarke

Therfore by reason, I must be mutable
And turne my whele, ryght oft vp so downe
Labouryng in workes, whiche are vnstable
On some to laughe, & on some I must frowne
Thus all about, in euery realme and towne

I chewe my power, in euery sundry wise
Some to descende, and on some to arise

Wherfore my power, dothe right well excell
Aboue the Mars, in thine house enclosed
For to rule man, thou hast power neuer adell
Saue after the, somewhat he is disposed
Thy constelation, hath him so apposed
Who vnder the, taketh his natiuitie
Yet God hath geuen him, power to rule the

Wherfore I am, of a farre higher power
Then thou arte, for there is no defence
Agaynst my will, at any time or houre
And in my name, there is a difference
For in these wordes, in my magnificence
Predestinate, and also desteny
As I shall chewe, anone more formably

Predestinate, dothe right well signifie
A thing to come, whiche is prepared
None but God doth knowe it openly
Tyll that the dede, cause it to be declared
For many a one, when they well fared
Full little thought, that tribulation
To them was ordeyned, by predestination

The desteny, is a thing accident
And by the worke, dothe take the effect
Tyll it be done, it is ay precedent
No man from it, can him selfe abiect
Thus euery chaunce, dothe fortune direct

Wherfore by reason, la graunde Amoure
Must sue vnto me, to do him socoure

Aha quod Mars, suche a one as thou
I neuer knewe, before this season
For thou thy selfe, doest so muche enproue
Aboue the heauens, by exaltation
But what for all, thy commendation
Arte thou nowe any thing substanciall
Spirituall, or els yet terrestriall

Howe can a worke, perfitely be grounded
But in these two, and thou arte of those
Wherfore for nought, thou maiest be confounded
For nought in substaunce, can nothing transpose
Of none effect, thou canst thy selfe disclose
Howe hast thou power, in any maner of case
In heauen or earth, without a dwellyng place

But that Poetes, hath made a figure
Of thee, for thy great signification
The chaunce of man, so for to discure
Accordyng to a moralization,
And of the trouthe, to make relation
The man is fortune, in his proper dede
And not thou, that causeth him to spede

What neadeth him, vnto him selfe to sue
Sithens thou art, the dedes of his chaunce
Thou to rule man, it is a thing not true
Nowe wherupon, dothe hang this ordinaunce
But accedent, vpon the gouernaunce
Of the hye bodyes, whiche dothe man dispose

The dede to do, as him lyst purpose.

Capi. xxviii

SO heare of Mars, the maruelous argumēt
And of Fortune, I was sore amased
Tyll that I sawe, a lady excellent
Clearely armed, vpon whom I gased
And her armes, full priuely I blased
The shelde of golde, as I well vnderstande
With a lyon of asure, throughe passande.

To me she came, with lowely countenaunce
And bade me welcome, vnto that mancion
Leadyng me forthe, with ioye and pleasaunce
Into an hall, of marueylous fashion
Right strongly sortified, of olde foundation
The pillers of yuory, garnished with gold
With pearles set, and brodred many a folde

The flore was paued, with stones precious
And the roufe, was braunched curiously
Of the beaten golde, bothe gaye and glorious
Knotted with pommaunders right swetely
Encencyng out, the yll odours misty
And on the walles, right well did appeare
The siege of Thebes, depaynted fayre and cleare

There were knyghtes, playyng at the chesses
Whiche sawe Minerue, leade me in the hall
They leste their playe, and all their busines

And welcomed me, right gently withall
With sir Nurture, then most in speciall
Accompanied of his brother Curtesy
They made me chere then, full effectuallye.

And after that, they brought me vp a stayre
Into a chamber, gayly glorified
And at the dore, there stode a knight right fayre
Yclipped trouthe, right clearely purified
His countenaunce was, ryght well modified
To me he sayed, that before myne entresse
Him for to loue, I shoulde him promise

Of ryght he sayed, I haue in custodye
This chamber dore, of kyng Melizyus
That no man enter, into it wrongfully
Without me trouthe, for to be chiualrous
Here knyghtes be made, to be victorious
I shall you promise, quod I fayethfully
You for to loue, and serue perdurably

Abide quod he, I will speake with the kyng
Tell me your name, and habitation
And the chefe cause, nowe of your cõmyng
That I to him, may make relation
To knowe his minde, without variation
La graunde Amoure, my name is saied I
The cause of my commyng, intentifly

Is forbicause that I haue enterprised
Nowe for the sake, of fayre la bell pucell
To passe the passage, whiche I her promised
That is so daungerous, with serpentes cruell

And

And for as muche, as I knowe neuer a deale
The feates of armes, to attayne honoure
I am come to learne, with diligent laboure

Then forthe he wente, vnto the maiestie
Of kyng Helizyus, the myghty conqueroure
Saiyng O power, so hye in dignitie
O prince victorious, and famous Emperoure
Of iustyng truely, the originall floure
One graunde Amoure, woulde be acceptable
In your hye courte, for to be tendable

With all my harte, I will quod he accepte
Him to my seruice, for he is ryght worthy
For vnto doctrine, the hye waye he kept
And so from thence, to the tower of chiualry
He shall attayne, great actes wonderfly
Go on your way, and bryng him fast to me
For I thinke long, him to beholde and se

And then the good knight trouthe, incontinent
Into the chamber so pure, sone me ledde
Where sate the kyng, so muche beniuolent
In purple clothed, set full of rubyes redde
And all the flooze, on whiche we did treade
Was cristall clere, and the roufe at nyght
With carbuncles, did geue a marueylous lyght

The walles were hanged, with clothe of tissue
Brodred with pearles, and rubies rubiconde
Mixte with emeraudes, so full of vertue
And bordred about, with many a dyamonde
An heauy hart, it will make ioconde

For to beholde, the marueylous riches
The lordship, wealth, and the great worthines

There sate Melizyus, in his hye estate
And ouer his heade, was a payre of balaunce
With his crowne, and scepter, after the true rate
Of another worldly king, for to haue gouernaũce
In his hande a ball, of right great circumstaunce
Before whom then, I did knele adowne
Saiyng O Emperoure, most hye of renowne

I the beseche, of thyne haboundaunt grace
Me to accept in this courte, the for to serue
So to continue, by long time and space
Of chualry, that I may nowe deserue
The order ryght, and well it to obserue
For to attayne, the hye aduauntage
Of the enterpryse, of my doubty vyage

Welcome he saied, to this court ryall
Mynerue shall arme you, with great diligence
And teache you the feates, of armes all
For she them knoweth, by good experience
In the olde time, it was her science
And I my selfe, shall geue you a worthy stede
Called galantyse, to helpe you in your nede.

I humbly thanked, his great highnes
And so to Mynerue, I did then apply
Whiche did me teache, with liker perfitnes
For to haunt armes, right well and nobly
Sapience me ruled, well and prudently
Thus among knightes, for to iust and tourney

Mynerue

Mynerue me taught, in sundry wise all day

It was a ioyfull, and a knightly sight
For to beholde so fayre, and goodly a sorte
Of good knightes, armed clere and bryght
That I sawe there, whiche did me well exhort
Armes to haunt, with couragious comforte
Mynerue me taught, my strokes and defence
That in short space, was no resistence

Against my power, and mighty puissaunce
To my wilfull harte, was nought impossible
I bare my selfe, so without doubtaunce
My hart made, my courage inuincible
Of whiche the trouthe, was sone intelligible
With my behauyng, before the preeminence
Of kyng Milizyus, famous excellence

Whiche ryght anone, for dame Mynerue sent
And me also, with sir trouthe to obey
We thought full little, what the matter ment
But vnto hym, we toke anone the way
Entryng the chamber, so fayre, cleare, and gay
The kyng vs called, vnto his persone
Saiyng, I will graunde amoure anone

Truely make knyght, for the time approcheth
That he must haunte, and seke aduenture
For la bell Pucell, as true loue requireth
And first of all, began to me discure
The high order, howe I should take in cure
And then anone, he began to expresse
What knighthode was, to perfite sykernes.

Knighthode he layed, was first established
The commen wealthe, in ryght to defende
That by the wrong, it be not minished
So euery knight, must truely condescende
For the commen wealthe, his power to entende
Agaynst all suche rebels contrarious
Them to subdue, with power victorious

For knyghthode is not, in the feates of warre
As for to fight, in quarell ryght or wrong
But in a cause, whiche trouthe can not defarre
He ought him selfe, for to make sure and strong
Justice to kepe, myxt with mercy among
And no quarell, a knyght ought to take
But for a trouthe, or for the commens sake

For first good hope, his legge harneyes shoulde be
His habergion, of perfect ryghteousnes
Gyrde fast, wyth the girdle of chastitie
His riche placarde, shoulde be good busines
Brodered with almes, so full of larges
The helmet mekenes, and the shelde good fayeth
His swerde Gods worde, as .S. Paule layeth

Also true wydowes, he ought to restore
Unto their ryght, for to attayne their dower
And to vpholde, and mayntayne euermore
The wealth of maydens, w his myghty power
And to his soueraygne, at euery maner hower
To be ready, true, and eke obeysaunt
In stable loue fyxte, and not variaunt

Thus after this noble, and solemne doctrine

He made me knyght, and gaue me in charge
Unto these poyntes, right lowe to encline
And to stere well, the frayle tumblyng barge
Ouer vayne glory, when I sayle at large
When the winde is right, the barge can not fayle
Unto his purpose, so with hardines to sayle

I did well regester, in my remembraunce
Euery thing, whiche he hath to me tolde
And right anone, in good resemblaunce
The kyng I thanked, with courage right bold
Of his great giftes, and grace many a folde
Whiche vnto me, right openly he shewed
With golden droppes, so liberally endued

I toke my leaue, of his right hye estate
And then Mynerue, into the hall me brought
Accompanied of trouth, my faythfull mate
Us for to solace, there lacked right nought
That any man, can pryute in his thought
The knyghtes all, vnto their armes went
To bryng me forwarde, with a true entent

And Mynerue armed me, as she coulde deuise
And brought vnto me, my fayre barbed stede
On whom I mounted, in all goodly guise
With shelde and speare, as nothing to dreade
In right to fight, for to attayne my mede
So with me went, bothe my greyhounds twayne
And good attendaunce, my verlet certayne.

The good knight trouth, brought me on my way
Accompanied then, with sir Fidelitie

With haute courage, bet rapped fayre and gay
With shinyng trappers, of curiositie
And then also, there rode forthe with me
The sturdy knight, well named Fortitude
With the noble veterane, sir Consuetude.

And eke sir Justice, and sir Misericorde
Sir Sapience, with good sir Curtesye
With famous nurture, and then syr Concord
Accompanied me, full ryght gently
Out of the castell, ridyng royally
And dame Mynerue, the chiualreous Goddesse
Did me endue then, with harty hardines

And when we came, into a goodly playne
Right of them all, I toke my licence
We thought it time, that they turne agayne
Unto the kyng, with all their diligence
I made mine othe, with percyng influence
Unto them all, for to remayne full true
In stedfast loue, all treason to eschue

Full lothe they were, fro me to depart
Euery one of them, as ye may vnderstande
With salt teares, full wofull was my hart
When all on rowe, they toke me by the hande
Adue they saied, and grace with you stande
You for to ayde, when that you do fight
And so they turned, vnto the castell ryght.

And good dame Mynerue, vnto me then saied
Be not adredde, of your hye enterprise
Be bolde, and hardy, and nothing afrayed

And rather dye, in any maner of wise
To attayne honoure, and the life despise
Then for to liue, and to remaine in shame
For to dye with honoure, it is a good name

Farewell she saied, and be of good cheare
I must depart, I may no lenger tary
Ryde on your way, the werher is full cleare
Seke your aduenture, and loke ye not vary
From your hye order, by any contrary
And therwithall, forthe on her way she rode
Right so did I, whiche no lenger abode

With bothe my greyhoundes, and my verlet
Throughe the playne, and into wildernes
And so aloft, among the hilles great
Tyll it was nyght, so thicke of darkenes
That of constraint, of very werines
We lighted adowne, vnder an hyll syde
Unto the day, to rest vs there that tide.

And when my page, my helmet vnlaced
He layed it downe, vnderneth my heade
And to his legge, he my stede enbraced
To grase about, while on the grasse he fedde
And then also, his horse in like stede
With bothe our greyhoundes, lying vs nere by
And slouth our heades, had caught so sodaynely

That all the night, we slept in good rest
Till agaynst day, began to neye and crye
My stede galantise, with a roaryng brest
And eke began, to stampe full marueylously

Whose hye courage, awaked vs wonderfly
And ryght anone, we cast vp our eyes
Beholdyng aboue, the fayre crystall skyes

Seyng the cloudes, rayed fayre and redde
Of Phebus, risyng in the orient
And auroza, her golden bemes spredde
About the ayre, clearely refulgent
Without en mistye blacke, encombrement
Up I arose, and also my page
Makyng vs ready, for to take our voage

Capit. xxix.

And so forthe we rode, till we sawe afarre
To vs came ridyng, on a little nagge
A folyche dwarfe, nothyng for the warre
With a hode, a bell, a fortayle, and a bagge
In a pyed coate, he rode brygge a bragge
And when that he, vnto vs drewe nye
I beheld his body, and his visenamye.

His heade was great, betled was his browes
His eyen holowe, and his nose croked
His brydes brystled, truely lyke a sowes
His chekes heerie, and God wotte he loked
Full like an ape, here and there he toted
With a pyed bearde, and hangyng lyppes great
And euery tothe, as blacke as any gete

His necke short, his shoulders stode awry

His

His breast fatte, and bolne in the waste
His armes great, with fingers crokedly
His legges kewed, he rode to me fast
Full like a patron, to be shaped in haste
Good euen he saied, and haue good day
If that it like you, for to ride merely away.

Welcome I sayed. I pray the nowe tell
Me what thou art, and where thou dost dwell
Sotheych quod he, when I cham in kente
At home I cham, though I be hether sent
I cham a gentilman, of muche noble kynne
Thoughe I che be cladde, in a knaues skynne

For there was one, called Peter Pratefast
That in all his life, spake no worde in waste
He wedded a wife, that was called Maude
I trowe quod I, che was a gorgious baude
Thou lyest quod he, che was gentle and good
She gaue her husbande, many a furde hode

And at his meales, without any misse
She woulde him serue, in cleny wise iwys
God loue her soule, as she loued clenlines
And kepe her diches, from all foulenes
When she lacked clowtes, without any fayle
She wyped her diches, with her dogges tayle

And they had issue, Sym sadle gander
That for a wife, in all the worlde did wander
Tyll at the last, in the wynters nyght
By thamys he sayled, and ariued a ryghte

Among the nunnes, of the grene coate
He went to lande, out of his pyety boate
And wedde there one, that was comen of newe
He thought her stable, and faiethfull, and true

Her name was Betres, that so clenlye was
That no filthe by her, in any wise should passe
For in her life, that any man coulde spye
She let no fart, nor yet fiste truely
And betwene them bothe, they did get a sonne
Whiche was my father, that in Kent did wonne

His name was Dauy dronken nole
He neuer dranke, but in a fayre blacke bole
He toke a wife, that was very fayre
And gate me on her, for to be his heyre
Her name was Alyson, that loued nought elles
But euermore, to ryng her blacke belles

Nowe are they deade all, so mote I well thryue
Except my selfe, Godfrey gobilyue
Whiche ride about, a wife me to seke
But I can finde none, that is good and meke
For all are shrewes, in the worlde about
I coulde neuer mete, with none other route

For some deuils will, their husbandes beate
And those that can not, they will neuer let
Their tonges cease, but geue thre wordes for one
Fie on them all, I will of them haue none
Who loueth any, for to make him sadde
I wene that he become, worse then madde

They

They are not stedfast, nothing in their minde
But alway turnyng, like a blast of winde
For let a man loue them, neuer so well
They will him loue againe, neuer a deale
For thoughe a man, all his life certayne
Unto her sue, to haue release of payne

And at the last, she on him do rue
If by fortune, there come another newe
The first shalbe clene, out of her fauoure
Recorde of Creside, & of Troylus the doloure
They are so subtile, and so false of kynde
There can no man wade, beyonde their minde

Was not Aristotle, for all his cleargy
For a woman wrapt, in loue so marueylously
That all his cunnyng, he had sone forgotten
This vnhappy loue, had his minde so broken
That euermore, the salt teares downe hayled
When the chaunce of loue, he him selfe bewayled

Aferde he was, of the true loue to breake
For saiyng naye, when he therof shoulde speake
Till of constraint, of wofull heauines
For to haue remedy, of his sore sickenes
When he her spied, right secrete alone
Unto her he went, and made all his mone

Alas he saied, the cause of my wo
Mine onely lady, and mistris also
Whose goodly beautie, hath my harte enrached
With feruent loue, and fiery lemes entached

Wherfore take pitye, of the paynefull sorowe
Of me your seruaunt, bothe euen and morowe

She stode right styll, and hearde what he sated
Alas quod she, be ye no more dismayed
For I am content, to fulfill your wyll
In euery maner, be it good or yll
Of this condicion, that ye shall release
Me first of wo, and great distresse.

For I my selfe, haue thought many a day
To you to speake, but for feare of a nay
I durst neuer, of the matter meue
Unto your person, lest it shoulde you greue
Nay nay quod he, with all my whole entente
I shall obey, to your commaundement

Well then quod she, I shall you nowe tell
Howe the case standeth, truely euery dele
For you knowe well, that some women do long
After nyce thinges, be it ryght or wrong
Right so must I, vpon your backe nowe ryde
In your mouthe also, a brydle you to guide

And so a brydle, she put in his mouthe
Upon his backe she rode, bothe north and southe
About a chamber, as some clarkes wene
Of many persons, it was openly sene
Lo what is loue, that can so sore blynde
A Philosopher, to bryng him out of kynde

For loue dothe passe, any maner of thing
It is harde, and pryuy in worckyng

So

So on the grounde, Aristotle crept
And in hs teeth, che long the bzidle kept
Till che therof, had inoughe her fyll
And yet foz this, he neuer had his wyll

She did nothing, but foz to mocke and scozne
This true louer, whiche was foz loue fozlozne
But when he knewe, the poynt of the case
The fiery anger, did his hart enbzace
That he him selfe, did anone well knowe
His anger did, his loue so ouerthzowe

And right anone, as some Poetes wzite
He that great mockage, did her well acquite.
Did not a woman, the famous Virgyle
By her great fraude, full craftely begile
Foz on a daye, foz his owne dispozt
To the courte of Rome, he gan to resozte

Among the ladyes, the time foz to passe
Till at the last, like Phebus in the glasse
So did a lady, with her beauty cleare
Shine thzoughe his hart, with suche loue so deare
Then of great fozce, he must nedes obey
She of his minde, bare bothe the locke and key

So was his hart, set bpon a fire
With feruent loue, to attayne his desire
She had him caught, in suche a wily snare
Great was his payne, and muche mozе his care
To fynde a time, when it choulde be meued
To her of loue, and he nothing repzeued

Thus euery day, by ymagination
In his minde, was luche perturbation
And at the laſt, he had founde a time
He thought to ſpeake, and vnto him no cryme
Mercy lady, nowe in all humble wiſe
To her he ſaied, for if ye me deſpiſe

So hath your beauty, my true hart arayed
It is no maruaile, thoughe I be afrayed
To you to ſpeake, if that you denye
My purpoſe, truely I am marde vtterly
So do I loue you, with all my hart entere
With inwarde care, I bye your beauty dere

I muſt abide, with all my whole entente
Of life or death, your onely iudgement
With fayned eares, of perfite audience
She did him heare, geuyng this ſentence
Vprygyll ſhe ſaied, I woulde fayne you eaſe
Of your trouble, and of your great diſeaſe

But I wotte not howe, that it ſhoulde be
Without turnyng vs, to great diſhoneſtie
If it be knowen, then bothe you and I
Shalbe reheyted at, full ſhamefully
But what for that, I haue me bethought
A prety craft, by me ſhalbe wrought.

Ye knowe my chamber, ioyneth to a wall
Beyng right hye, and a windowe withall
Done at nyght, when all folke be at reſt
I ſhall take a baſket, as me thinketh beſt

And

And therto I shall, a long coarde well tye
And from the windowe, let it downe priuely

Right so when it is, adowne on the grounde
Ye may well enter, in it bothe hole and sounde
And my two maydens, the whiche secrete be
Shall anone helpe, to hale you vp with me
Lo in this wise, you may haue right well
Your owne desire, in shorte space euery dell.

At a. xi. of the clocke, in the nyght so darke
They did appoint, for to fulfill this warke
He often thanked, her great gentilnes
And so departed, with great gladnes
And so he went, vnto his studye
Passyng the time, him selfe full merely

Tyll that the clocke, did strike aleuen
Then to the wall, he went full euen
And founde the basket, at the grounde already
And entred into it, full sodaynlye
Waggyng the rope, whiche the lady espied
Whiche to the windowe, right anone her hied

With her two maydens, she did him vp winde
Amiddes the wall, and left him there behinde
That was fiue fadom, and more from the ground
When him selfe, in suche a case he founde.
Alas he saied, myne owne lady saue
Myne honestie, and what ye list to haue

Ye shall haue it, at your owne desire
Nowe winde me vp, my hart is on fire

Thou shalt quod she, in that place abide
That all the citye, so ryght long and wide
May the beholde, and the matter knowe
For mine honesty, and thy shame I trowe

So there he hong, tyll noone of the daye
That euery person, which went by the way
Might him well se, and also beholde
And vnto them, the very cause she tolde
Lyvyng with shame, she her loue rewarded
His payne and sorowe, she nothing regarded

Thus at the last, he adowne was brought
Replete with shame, it vayled him right nought
Thus with great anger, he his loue confounded
Healyng the stroke, whiche that she had wounded
And by his craft, he in Rome did drenche
Euery fyre, for he left none to quenche

And towarde Rome, a great circuite aboute
There was no fyre, that was vn put out
He at her buttockes, set a brennyng cole
No fyre there was, but at her ars hole
She turned her toute, that was crispe and fatte
All about Rome, did fetche their fire therat

One of an other, myght no fire get
It woulde not kindle, without he it fet
From her ars, by the magykes arte
She drewe the fire, when she let a fart
Thus euery man, might beholde and se
With the light of fire, her pryety pryuitye.

Thus

Thus all the citye, vpon her did wonder
For perfite sorowe, her hart was nere a sunder
And thus Vyrgile, with crafty subtilnes
Rewarded her falshode, and doublenes
All this I tell, thoughe that I be a fole
To the yong knyght, for thou maist go to schole.

In time commyng, of true loue to learne
Beware of that, for thou canst not decerne
Thy ladies mynd, though that she speake the faire
Her hart is false, she will no trouth repayre
Nay quod I, they are not all disposed
So for to do, as ye haue here disclosed

Aha quod he, I trowe well ye be
A true louer, so mote I thriue and the
Let not thy ladye, of thy hart be rother
When thou art gone, she will sone haue an other
Thus forth we rode, till we sawe a farre
A royall tower, as bryght as any starre

To whiche we rode, as fast as we myght
When we came there, adowne my stede I lyght
So did this Godfrey gobiline also,
Into the temple, after me gan go
There sate dame Venus, and Cupide her sonne
Whiche had their parliament, right newly begone

To redresse louers, of their payne and wo
Whiche in the temple, did walke to and fro
And euery one, his bill did present
Before Venus, in her highe parliament

The temple of her royall consistory,
Was walled all about, with yuory

All of golde, like a place solacious
The rouse was made, of knottes curious
I can nothing, extende the goodlines
Of her temple, so muche of riches
This Godfrey gobilyue, went lightly
Unto dame Sapience, the secretarye

That did him make, this supplication
To the goddesse Uenus, with bzeuiation
O lady Uenus, of loue the Goddesse
Redzesse my paine, of moztall heauines
I did once woe, an olde mayden ryche
A foule thefe, an olde wydzed wiche

Fayze mayed I sayed, will ye me haue
Nay sir so God me kepe and saue
Foz you are euill fauoured, and also bgly
I am the wozse, to se your visnamy
Yet was she fouler, many an hundzed folde
Then I my selfe, as ye may well beholde

And therwithall, he caused to depayute
His face and hers, all vnder his complainte
And to Uenus, he made deliueraunce
Of his complaynt, by a shozte circumstaunce
Whiche right anone, when she had it sene
Began to laughe, with all the courte I wene

Lo here the figures, of them bothe certayne
Judge whiche is best fauoured of them twayne.

Thus

THus godfrey gobilyue, did make such a sport
That many louers, to him did resorte
When I sawe time, I went to Sapience
Shewyng to her, with all my diligence
Howe that my hart, by Uenus was trapt
With a snare of loue, so priuely bewrapt

And in her tower, to haue a dwellyng place
I seke aduentures, to attaine her grace
Her name quod I, la bell Pucell is
Bothe east and west, she is well knowen ywys
And my name, la graunde Amoure is called
Whose hart with payne, she all about hath walled

With her beautie, whiche dame nature create
Aboue all other, in most high estate
Well saied Sapience, I thinke in my minde
Her loue & fauoure, you shall attayne by kinde
And I will drawe, to you incontinent
All your complaynt, as is conuenient

Unto dame Uenus, to see directly
For your payne and sorowe, sone a remedye.
She drewe my piteous lamentation,
Accordyng to this supplication.

The Supplication.

Capit. xxx.

O Uenus lady, and excellent Goddesse
O celestiall starre, hauyng the soueraynte

Aboue all other starres, as lady and princes
As is accordynge, vnto your deitye
Pleaseth it nowe, your great benignitie
Unto my complaynt, for to geue audience
Whiche burne in loue, with pearcyng dyoence

For so it happened, that the lady Fame
Did with me mete, and gan to expresse
Of a faire lady, whiche had vnto name
La bell Pucell, come of hye noblesse
Whose beauty cleare, and comely goodlines
From day to day, dothe right well renue
With grace bedyed, and with great vertue

She tolde me, of her fayre habitation
And of the wayes, therto full daungerous
Her swete report, gaue me exhortation
Unto my hart, for to be couragious
To passe the passage, harde and troublous
And to bryng me out, of great encombraunce
She me deliuered, bothe grace and gouernaunce

So forthe we wente, to the tower of scyence
For to attayne, in euery artyke poole
And first doctrine, by good experience
Unto dame Gramer, did set me to schole
Of misty ignorraunce, to oppresse the dole
And so I ascended, vnto dame logyke
And after her, vnto lusty Rethorike

Tyll at the last, at a feast solemply
To a temple I went, dame musyke to heare
Play on her organs, with swete armony

But

But then on loft, I ſawe to me appeare
The flower of comfort, the ſtarre of vertue cleare
Whoſe beauty bright, into my hart did paſſe
Like as fayre Phebus, dothe ſhyne in the glaſſe

So was my hart, by the ſtroke of loue
With ſorowe perſt, and with mortall payne
That vnneth I myght, from the place remoue
Where as I ſtode, I was ſo take certayne
Yet vp I loked, to ſe her agayne
And at aduenture, with a ſory mode
Up then I went, where as her perſon ſtode

And firſt of all, my hart gan to learne
Right well to regeſter, in remembraunce
Howe that her beauty, I might then decerne
From toppe to tooe, endued with pleaſaunce
Whiche I ſhall ſhewe, withouten variaunce
Her ſhining heere, ſo properly ſhe dreſſes
A loft her forehead, with fayre golden treſſes

Her forehead ſtepe, with fayre browes ybent
Her eyen gray, her noſe ſtraight and fayre
In her white chekes, the faire bloude it went
As among the wite, the redde to repayre
Her mouthe right ſmall, her breathe ſwete of ayre
Her lippes ſoft, and ruddy as a roſe
No hart on liue, but it woulde him appoſe.

With a little pitte, in her well fauoured chynne
Her necke long, as white as any lillye
With vaynes blewe, in which the bloude ranne in
Her pappes rounde, and therto right pretye

Her armes slender, and of goodly bodye
Her fingers small, and therto right long
White as the milke, with blewe vaynes among.

Her fete proper, she gartred well her hose
I neuer sawe so fayre a creature
Nothing she lacketh, as I do suppose
That is longyng, to faire dame Nature
Yet more ouer, her countenaunce so pure
So swete, so louely, woulde any hart enspire
With feruent loue, to attayne his desire.

But what for her maners passeth all
She is bothe gentle, good, and vertuous
Alas what fortune, did me to her call
Without that she be to me pitifull,
With her so fettred, in paynes dolorous
Alas shall pitie, be from her exiled
Whiche all vertues, hath so vndefiled

Thus in my minde, when I had engraued
Her goodly countenaunce, and faire fygure
It was no wonder, that I was amased
My hart and minde, she had so tane in cure
Nothing of loue, I durst to her discure
Yet forbicause, I was in her presence
I toke acquayntaunce, of her excellence

My hart was drenched, in great sorowe depe
Though outwardly, my countenaunce was light
The inwarde wo, into my hart did crepe
To hide my payne, it was great force and might
Thus her swete beauty, with a sodaine sight

My

My hart hath wounded, whiche muſt nedes obey
Unto ſuche a ſorowe, nowe alas weil away.

For ſhe is gone, and departed right farre
In her countrey, where ſhe dothe abid
She is nowe gone, the fayre ſhinyng ſtarre
O lady Uenus, I pray the prouide
That I may after, at the morowe tide
And by the waye, with hart right rigorious
To ſubdue mine enemies, to me contrarious.

And yet thy grace, moſt humbly I praye
To ſende thy ſonne, little Cupide before
With louyng letters, as faſt as thou maye
That ſhe may knowe, ſomewhat of paynes ſore
Whiche for her ſake, I ſuffer euermore
Nowe lady Uenus, with my whole entent
Of life or deathe, I abide thy iudgement

Well then ſaied Uenus, I haue perſeueraunce
That you knowe ſomewhat, of mighty power
Whiche to my courte, ſue for acquaintaunce
To haue releaſe, of your great paines ſower
Abide a while, ye muſt tary the houre
The time runneth, towarde right faſt
Ioye cõmeth after, when the ſorowe is paſt

Alas I ſaied, who is fettred in chaynes
He thinketh long, after deliueraunce
Of his great wo, and eke mortall paynes
For who abideth painefull penaunce
Thinketh a ſhorte while, a longe continuaunce
Who may not ſpeake, with her he loueth beſt

It is no wonder, thoughe he take no rest.

Abide quod she, you must a while yet tary
Thoughe to haue comfort, ye right long do thinke
I shall prouide for you a lectuary,
Whiche after sorowe, into your hart shall synke
Though you be brought now, vnto deaths brinke
Yet dreade exile, and liue in hope and trust
For at the last, you shall attayne your lust

And specially, I geue to you a charge
To fixe your loue, for to be true and stable
Upon your Lady, and not to flee at large
As in sundry wise, for to be variable
In corrupt thoughtes, vile, and culpable
Prepence nothing, vnto her dishonestie
For lone dishonest, hath no certaintie

And sithen that I, was cause you begone
First for to loue, I shal a letter make
Unto your lady, and sende it by my sonne
Little Cupide, that shall it to her take
That she your sorowe, may detraye or slake
Her harded hart, it shall well reuolue
With piteous wordes, that shall it desolue.

And right anone, as the maner foloweth
She cauled Sapience, a letter to write
Lo what her fauoure, vnto me auayleth
When for my sake, she did so well endite
As I shall shewe, in a short respite
The gentle forme, and tenoure of her letter

To

To spede my cause, for to attayne the better.

The coppye of the Letter.

Capi. xxxi.

RIght gentle hart, of grene flowryng age
The starre of beautie, and of famous port
Consider well, that your lusty courage
Age of his cours, must at the last transporte
Nowe trouthe of right, dothe our selfe exhorte
That you your youthe, in ydlenes will spende
Withouten pleasure, to bring it to an ende

What was the cause, of your creacion
But man to loue, the worlde to multiplye
As to sowe the sede, of generation
With feruent loue, so well conuenientlye
The cause of loue, engendreth perfitely
Upon an entent, of dame Nature
Whiche you hath made, so fayre a creature

Then of dame Nature, what is the entent
But to accomplishe, her faire sede to sowe
In suche a place, as is conuenient
To Goddes pleasure, for to encrease and growe
The kinde of her, ye may not ouerthrowe
Saye what ye list, ye can nothing denye
But otherwhile ye thinke, full priuely

What the man is, and what he can do

Of chamber worke, as nature will agree
Thoughe by experience, ye knowe nothing therto
Yet oft ye muse, and thinke what it may be
Nature prouoketh, of her strong degre
You so to, as hath bene her olde guise
Why will you then, the true loue despise.

In our courte, there is a byll presented
By graunde Amoure, whose hart in duresse
You fast haue fettred, not to be absented
From your person, with mortall heauines
His hart and seruice, with all gentilnes
He to you oweth, as to be obedient
For to fulfill, your swete commaundement.

What you auayleth, your beauty so faire
Your lusty youthe, and gentle countenaunce
Without that you, in your minde will repayre
It for to spende, in ioye and pleasaunce
To folowe the trace, of dame Natures daunce
And thus in doyng, you shall your seruaunt heale
Of his disease, and hurt you neuer a deale.

One must you loue, it can not be denied
For harde it is, to voyde you of the chaunce
Then loue him best, that you haue so arayed
With fiery chaynes, fettred in penaunce
For he is ready, without doubtaunce
In euery thing, for to fulfill your will
And as ye list, ye may him saue or spill

Alas what payne, and mortall wo
Were it to you, and ye were in like case

With

With him dismaide, whiche you haue rayed so
Woulde you not then, thinke it a long space
In his swete hart, to haue a dwellyng place
Then in your minde, ye may reuolue that he
Moste long dothe thinke, that ioyfull day to se.

Is not he yong, bothe wise and lustye
And eke descended, of the gentle line
What will you more, haue of him truely
Then you to serue, as true loue will encline
But as I thinke, you do nowe determine
To fyre your mynde, for worldly treasure.
Though in your youthe, ye lese your pleasure

Alas remember, first your beautye
Your youthe, your courage, and your tender hart
What payne here after, it may to you be
When you lacke that, whiche is true louers desert
I tell you this, your selfe to conuerte
For little knowe ye, of this payne iwys
To liue with him, in whom no pleasure is.

Where that is loue, there can be no lacke
Fye on that loue, for the lande or substaunce
For it must nedes, right sone abacke
When that youth hath, no ioye nor pleasaunce
In the party, with natures sufficiaunce
Then will you, for the sinne of auarice
Unto your youthe, do suche a preiudice.

Thus sithen Nature, hath you well endued
With so muche beauty, and dame Grace also
Your vertuous maners, hath so muche renued

Exile disdayne, and let her from you go
And also straungenes, vnto loue the foe
And let no couetise, your true hart subdue
But that in ioye, ye may your youthe ensue

For I of loue the Goddesse, dame Uenus
Right well do knowe, that in the worlde is none
That vnto you, shalbe more ioyous
Then graunde Amoure, that loueth you alone
Sythe he so did, it is many dayes agone
Who euer sawe, a faire yong hart so harde
Whiche for her sake, would se her true loue marde

And so shall he, without ye take good hede
If he so be, ye be cause of the same
For loue with death, will ye rewarde his mede
And if ye do, ye be to muche to blame
To loue vnloued, ye knowe it is no game
Wherfore me thinke, ye can do no lesse
But with your loue, his paynes to redresse.

If ye do not, this may be his songe
Wo worthe the time, that euer he you mette
Wo worthe your harte, so doyng him wronge
wo worthe the houre, that his true hart was set
wo worthe disdayne, that woulde his purpose let
wo worthe the flower, that can do no boote
Wo worthe you, that perst him at the roote

Wo worthe my loue, the cause of my sorowe
Wo worthe my lady, that will not it release
wo worthe fortune, bothe euen and morowe
wo worthe trouble, that shall haue no peace

Wo

Wo woꝛthe cruelty, that may neuer ceaſe
Wo woꝛthe youthe, that will no pitie haue
Wo woꝛthe her, that will not her loue ſaue.

Wo woꝛthe the truſt, without aſſuraunce
Wo woꝛthe loue, rewarded with hate
wo woꝛthe loue, replete with variaunce
wo woꝛthe loue, without a frendly mate
wo woꝛthe the hart, with loue at debate
wo woꝛthe the beauty, whiche toke me in ſnare
wo woꝛthe her, that will not ceaſe my care

Wo woꝛthe her maners, and her goodlines
Wo woꝛthe her eyes, ſo cleare and amiable
wo woꝛthe ſuche cauſe, of my great ſickenes
wo woꝛthe pitie, on her not tendable
wo woꝛthe her minde, in diſdaine ſo ſtable
wo woꝛthe her, that hath me fettred faſt
And wo woꝛthe loue, that I do ſpende in waſte.

Wherfoꝛe of right, I pꝛay you to remember
All that I wꝛite, vnto you right nowe
Howe your true loue, is of age but tender.
His humble ſeruice, we pꝛaye you alowe
And he him ſelfe, ſhall euermoꝛe enpꝛowe
You foꝛ to pleaſe, and geue the ſouerauntie
Howe can you haue, a moꝛe true loue then he.

And fare ye well, there is no moꝛe to ſaye
Under our ſignet, in our courte royall
Of September, the .xxii. daye
She cloſed the letter, and to her did call
Cupide her ſonne, ſo deare in ſpeciall

Commaundyng him, as fast as he might
To la bell Pucell, for to take his flyght

So did Cupide, with the letter flye
Unto la bell Pucels domination
There that he sped, full well and wonderfly
As I shall after, make relation
But to my matter, with breuiacion
A turtle I offred, for to magnifye
Dame Uenus hye estate, to glorifye.

She me exhorted, for to be right hardy
Forthe on to trauaile, and to dreade nothing
I toke my leaue, of her full humbly
And on my way, as I was ridyng
This Godfrey gobilyue, came rennyng
With his little nagge, and cried tary, tary
For I wyll come, and beare you company.

Capit. xxxii

AND forbicause, that I was then full sadde
And by the way, he made me good game
To haue his company, I was somwhat glad
I was not proude, I toke of him no shame
He came to me, and saied ye are to blame
So to ride louryng, for a womans sake
Unto the deuill, I do them all betake.

They be not stedfast, but chaunge as the mone
When one is gone, they loue another sone

Who

Who that is single, and will haue a wife
Right out of ioye, he shall be brought in strife
Thus when Godfrey, did so merye make
There did a lady, vs sone ouertake

And in her hande, she had a knotted whippe
At euery yerke, she made Godfrey to skipe
Alas he saied, that euer I was borne
Nowe am I take, for all my mocke and scorne
I loked about, when that I hearde him crye
Seyng this lady, on her palfrey ride hye

Madame I saied, I pray you me tell
Your proper name, and where that ye dwell
My name quod she, is called Correction
And the tower of chastice, is my mancion
This strong thefe, called false report
With vilayne courage, and an other sort

And vile perlers, false coniecture
All these I had, in prison full sure
But this false report, hath broken prison
With his subtill craft, and euill treason
And this iourney, priuely to spede
He hath cladde him, in this foles wede

Nowe haue I aunswered you, your question
And I pray you of, a like solution
You seme me thinke, for to be a knyght
I pray you tell me first, your name aright
My name quod I, is la graunde Amoure
A well quod she, you are the perfite floure

Of all true louers, as I do well knowe
You shall attayne, la bell Pucell I trowe
I knowe right well, ye are aduenturous
Onwarde your way, to the tower perillous
And for as muche, as the night is neare
I humbly pray you, for to take the cheare

What I may make you, in my tower this night
It is here by, you shall of it haue sight
And I pray you, to helpe me to bynde
This false reporte, as you shoulde do by kinde
What Godfrey quod I, will ye chaung your name
Nay nay good he, it was for no shame

But alas for wo, that she hath me taken
I must obey, it can not be forsaken
His fete were fettred, vndernethe his nagge
And bounde his handes, behinde to his bagge
Thus Correction, with her whippe did driue
The little nagge, wyth Godfrey gobilyue.

Till at the last, we gan to approche
Her royall tower, vpon a craggy roche
The night was come, for it was right late
yet right anone, we came to the gate
Where we were let in, by dame Measure
That was a faire, and a goodly creature.

And so Correction, brought me to the hall
Of gete well wrought, glased with cristall
The roufe was golde, and amiddes was set
A carbuncle, that was large and great

Whose

Whose vertue cleare, in the hall so bright
About did cast, a great marueylous lyght

So forthe we went, into a chamber faire
Where many ladyes, did them selues repayre
And at our commyng, then incontinent
They welcomed vs, as was conuenient
But of Correction, they were very glad
Whiche false report, againe taken had

There was quene Panthasile, with Penalape
Quene Helene, and quene Menelape
Quene Ithesyle, and quene Proserpyne
The lady Meduse, and yong Polixyne
With many moe, that I do not rehearse
My time is shorte, I muste fro them reuerse

And dame Correction, into a chamber ledde
Me right anone, for to go to my bedde
What nede I shewe, of my great cheare and rest
I wanted nought, but had all of the best
And so I slept, tyll that auroza cleare
Began to shine, amiddes her golden spere

Then vp I rose, and my berlet also
Whiche made me ready, and to my stede did go
And dame Correction, at this morowe tyde
Did me entreate, a while to abide
And right anone, my breakefast was brought
To make me cheare, there wanted right nought

And after this, dame Correction
Did leade me to a marueylous dongeon

And first she ledde me, to the vpper warde
Where shamefastnes, did vs well regarde
For he was iaylour, and had at his charge
Euery rebell, not for to go at large

In the first warde, there went to and fro
Bothe men and women, that might no furder go.
But yet they hoped, for to haue releue
Of their enprison, whiche did them so greue
These prisoners, when true loue was meued
They woulde driue of, and not release the greued.

And for this cause, by equall iudgement
Like as they did, here haue they punishment
And shamefastnes, lower did vs bryng
Where we sawe men, that were in tormentyng
With many ladies, that their mouthes gagged.
And false reporte, on me his heade wagged

Then right anone, a lady gan to scrape
His furred tonge, that he cried like an ape
And vyle Peller, in like wise also
His tonge was scraped, that he suffred wo
And yet we went, into a deper vale
Where I sawe men, that were in great bale

In hollowe bushes, they did hange alofte
Their heades downewarde, for to fall vnsoft
And two ladyes, did their bodies bete
With knotted whippes, in the flesche to frete
That the desire, it shoulde sone aswage
And specially, of the vylayne courage

These

These men, with lugred mouthes so eloquent
A maydens hart, coulde right sone relent.
And these yong maydens, for to take in snare
They fayne great wo, and for to suffer care
The folysche maydens, did beleue they smarted
That to their will, the men, them conuerted

Thus when that they, had them so begiled
And with their fraude, these maydens defiled
They cast them of, they toke no lenger kepe
Go where ye list, thoughe they crye and wepe.
Therfore these ladyes, wyth their whippes harde
Their bodies beate, that their bodies hath marde

And euery man, as he hath deserued
A payne there is, whiche is for him obserued
Thus when I had, all the pryson sene
With the torment, of many a one I wene
And forthe we went, agayne to the hall
My stede was ready, and brought to the wall

And of the ladyes, cleare in excellence
I toke my leue, with all due reuerence
And thanked Correction, with my hart entire
Of my repose, and of her louyng chere
To me she saied, remember you well
Of the swete beauty, of la bell Pucell

When you her hart, in fetters haue chayned
Let her haue yours, in likewise retayned
Loke that your hart, your worde, & countenaunce
Agree all in one, withouten variaunce

If she for pitye, do release you your payne
Consider it, and loue her best againe.

Be true and secrete, and make none aduaunt
When you of loue, haue a perfite graunte
And if ye will come, vnto your wyll
Bothe here and see, and then holde you styll
Dreade you nothing, but take a good harte
For right sone, after you from hence depart

Right high aduentures, vnto you shall fall
In time of fyght, vnto your minde then call
If you preuayle, you shall attayne the fame
Of hye honoure, to certifie the same
And therwith I light, vpon my stede
Madame I saied, I praye God do you mede
Fare well she saied, for you must nowe hence
Adue quod I, with all my diligence.

Howe graunde Amoure discomfited the Gyaunt with three heades, and was receiued of three fayre Ladyes.

Capi. xxxiii.

Hen golden Phebus, in the Capricorne
Gan to ascende, fast vnto Aquary
And Janus bifrus, the croune had worn
With his frosty bearde in January,

When

When cleare Diana, ioyned with Mercury
The cristall ayre, and assured firmament
Were all depured, without encumbrement.

For the then I rode, at mine owne aduenture
Ouer the mountaines, and the craggy rockes
To beholde the countres, I had great pleasure
Where coral all growed, by ryght hye stockes
And the Popingayes, in the tree toppes
Then as I rode, I sawe me before
Beside a well hang, bothe a shelde and a horne

When I came there, adowne my stede I light
And the faire bugle, I right well beheld
Blasyng the armes, as well as I myght
That was so grauen, vpon the goodly shelde
First all of siluer, did appeare the felde
With a rampyng Lyon, of fine golde so pure
And vnder the shelde, there was this scripture.

If any knight, that is aduenturous
Of his great pride, dare the bugle blowe
There is a gyaunt, bothe fierce and rigorious
That with his might, shall him sone ouerthrow
This is the waye, as ye shall nowe knowe
To la bell Pucell, but withouten faile
The sturdy gyaunt, will geue you battaile.

When I the scripture, once or twise had reade
And knewe therof, all the whole effect
I blewe the horne, without any dreade
And toke good hart, all feare to abiect
Makyng me ready, for I did suspect

That the great gyaunt, vnto me woulde haste
When he had hearde me, blowe so loude a blast.

I alite anone, vpon my gentle stede
About the well, then I rode to and fro
And thought right well, vpon the ioyfull mede
That I shoulde haue, after my payne and wo
And of my lady, I did thinke also
Tyll at the last, my verlet did me tell
Take hede quod he, here is a fende of hell

My greyhoundes leaped, and my stede did start
My spere I toke, and did loke about
With hardy courage, I did arme my hart
At last I sawe, a sturdy gyaunt stoute
Twelue fote of length, to leare a great route
Thre heades he had, and he armed was
Bothe heades and bodye, all aboute with brasse

Upon his first heade, in his helmet crest
There stode a fane, of the silke so fine
Where was written, with letters of the best
My name is falshode, I shall cause encline
My neighbours goodes, for to make them myne
Alway I get, their lande or substaunce
With subtile fraude, deceypt, or bariaunce

And when a knight, with noble chyualry
Of la bell Pucell, shoulde attayne the grace
With my great falshode, I worke so subtilly
That in her hart, he hath no dwellyng place.
Thus of his purpose, I do let the case
This is my power, and my condicion

Loue

Loue to remoue, by a great illusion

And of the seconde heade, in a silken tassell
There I sawe wrytten, ymagination
My crafty witte, is withouten fayle
Loue for to bring, in perturbacion
Where la bell Pucell, woulde haue affection
To graunde amoure, I shall a tale deuise
To make her hate him, and him to despise.

By my false witte, so muche ymaginatife
The trouthe full oft, I bryng in disease.
Where as was peace, I cause to be strife
I will suffer no man, for to liue in ease
For if by fortune, he will be displease
I shall of hym, ymagen suche a tale
That out of ioye, it shall turne into bale.

And on the thirde heade, in a stremer grene
There was wrytten, my name is pariury
In many a towne, I am knowen as I wend
Where as I list, I do great iniury
And do forswere, my selfe full wrongfully
Of all thinges, I do hate conscience
But I loue lucre, with all diligence

Betwene two louers, I do make debate
I will so swere, that they thinke I am true
For euer falshode, with his owne estate
To a lady cometh, and sayeth to eschue
In inconuenience, that ye do not rue
Your loue is nought, ymagination knoweth

I sweare in likewise, and anone she troweth

That we haue saied, is of very trouthe
Her loue she casteth, right cleane out of minde
That with her loue, she is wondersly wrough
with fayned kindenes, we do her so blinde
Then to her louer, she is full vnkinde
Thus our thre powers, were ioyned in one
In this mighty gyaunt, many dayes agone

And when that I, had sene euery thing
My spere I charged, that was very great
And to this gyaũt, so fiercely cõmyng
I toke my course, that I with him mette
Breakyng my spere, vpon his first helmet
And right anone, adowne my stede I light
Drawyng my swerde, that was faire and bright.

I clipped Clara prudence, that was faire and sure
At the gyaunt I stroke, with all my valeaunce
But he my strokes, might right well endure
He was so great, and huge of puysaunce
His glaue he did, against me aduaunce
Whiche was .iiii. fote, and more of cuttyng
And as he was, his stroke dischargyng

Because his stroke, was heauy to beare
I lept aside, from him full quickely
And to him I ranne, without any feare
When he had discharged, agayne full lightly
He rored loude, and sware I shoulde abye
But what for that, I strake at him fast
And he at me, but I was not agast.

But as he fought, he had a bauntage
He was right hye, and I vnder him lowe
Till at the last, with lusty courage
Upon the side, I gaue him suche a blowe
That I right neare, did him ouerthrowe
But right anone, he did his mighte enlarge
That vpon me, he did suche strokes discharge

That I vnneth, might make resistence
Against his power, for he was so strong
I did defende me, agaynst his vyolence
And thus the battayle, dured full right long
Yet euermore, I did thinke among
Of la bell Pucell, whom I shoulde attayne
After my battailles, to release my payne.

And as I loked, I sawe then auale
Fayre golden Phebus, with his beames redde
Then vp my courage, I began to hale
Whiche nighe before, was agone and deade
My swerde so entred, that the gyant bledde
And with my strokes, I cutte of anone
One of his legges, amiddes the thyghe bone.

Then to the grounde, he adowne did fall
And vpon me, he gan to loure and glumme
Enforsyng him, so for to rise withall
But that I shortly, vnto him did come
With his thre heades, he spitte all his venyme
And I with my sworde, as fast as coulde be
With all my force, cut of his heades three.

When I had so, obtayned the victory

Unto me then, my barlet well sayed
You haue demeaned you, well and worthely
My greyhoundes lept, and my stede then brayed
And then from farre, I sawe well arayed
To me come ridyng, thre ladyes right swete
Forthe then I rode, and did with them mete.

The first of them, was called Veritie
And the seconde, good Operation
The thirde also, yclipped Fidelitie
All they at once, with good opinion
Did geue to me, great laudation
And me beseched, with their hart entire
With them to rest, and to make good chere.

I graunted them, & then backewarde we rode
The mighty gyaunt, to se and beholde
Whose huge bodye, was more then fiue cart lode
Whiche lay there bledyng, that was almost colde
They for his deathe, did thanke me many a folde
For he to them, was enemy mortall
Wherefore his thre heades, they toke in speciall

And then Veritie, on the first sane
Did set aloft, of falshode the heade
And good Operacion, in likewise had tane
Of ymagination, that full sore then bledde
Upon his heade aloft, vpon his banner redde
And in likewise, Fidelitie had serued
Periuries heade, as he had well deserued

And with swete songes, and swete armony
Before me they rode, to their fayre castell

So forthe I rode, with great ioye and glory
Unto the place, where these ladyes did dwell
Set on a rocke, beside a spryng or a well
And fayre Obseruaunce, the goodly portresse
Did vs receiue, with solemne gladnes

Then to a chamber, that was very bryght
They did me leade, for to take mine ease
After my trouble, and my great sturdy fight
But thre woundes I had, causyng my disease
My payne and wo, they did sone appease
And healed my woundes with salue aromatike
Tellyng me of a great gyaunt lunatike.

Whose name truely, was called Variaũce
Whom I shoulde mete, after my departyng
These ladies, vnto me did great pleasaunce
And in the meane while, as we were talkyng
For me my supper, was in ordeynyng
Thus when by temperaunce, it was prepared
And then to it we went, and ryght well fared

Tell me quod Veritie, if you be content
What is your name, so hye aduenturous
And who that you, into this coast hath sent
Madame I saide, I was so amorous
Of la bell Pucell, so fayre and beauteous
La graunde amoure, truely is my name
Whiche seke aduentures, to attayne the fame

A ha quod she, I thought asmuche before
That you were he, for your great hardines
La bell Pucell, must loue you euermore

 Whiche

Whiche for her sake, in your hye nobles
Dothe suche actes, by chyualrous excesse
Her gentle hart, may nothing denye
To rewarde your mede, wyth loue full fermently.

Thus did we passe time, in all maner of ioye
I lacked nothing, that might make me solace
But euermore, as noble Troylus of Troye
Full oft I thought, on my faire ladyes face
And her to se, a muche lenger space
When time was come, to rest I was brought
All to me longyng, there lacked right nought

What shoulde I wade, by perambulucion
My time is shorte, and I haue farre to sayle
Unto the lande, of my conclusion
The winde is east, right slowe without fayle
To blowe my shippe, of diligent trauayle
To the last ende, of my matter troublous
With waues enclosed, so tempestuous.

Right in the morowe, when aurora clere
Her radiaunt beames, began for to spreade
And splendent Phebus, in his golden spere
The crystall ayre, did make fayre and redde
Darke Dyane, declinyng pale as anye ledde
When the little byrdes, swetely did syng
Laudes to their maker, early in the morynyng.

Capit. xxiiii.

VP I arose, and did make me readye
For I thought long, vnto my iourneys ende
My greyhoundes lept, on me right merely
To cheare me forwarde, they did condescende
And the thre ladies, my cheare to amende
A good breakefast, did for me ordayne
They were right gladde, the gyaunt was slayne.

I toke my leaue, and on my way I ryde
Throughe the woodes, and on rockes hye
I loked about, and on the hill abode
Till in the vale, I sawe full hastely
To me come ridyng, a lady likerly
I well behelde, the hye waye so vsed
But of this lady, right often I mused.

Till at the last, we did mete together
Madame I saied, the hye God you saue
She thanked me, and did aske me whither
That I so rode, and what I woulde haue
Truely quod I, nothing els I craue
Of the hye God, but to be so fortunate
La bell Pucell, to haue to my mate.

What is your name, then saied she
La graunde amoure, forsothe madame quod I
Then was she glad, as any one might be
And saied she was sent, fro mine owne ladye
Tidynges I saied, I praye you hartely
Your lady quod she, is in perfect health
And woulde be glad, to heare of your wealth.

She promised you, in a garden grene

To loue you best, of any creature
So dothe she yet, as I thinke and weene
Though that disdayne, brought her to her lure
But of her hart nowe, you shall be sure
Be of good chere, and for nothing dismaye
I spake with her, but nowe this other day.

And she my selfe, vnto you hath sent
My name is called, dame Perceueraunce
A little before, that I from her went
To her came Cupide, with great circumstaunce
And brought a letter, of Uenus ordinaunce
Whiche vnto her, he did anone present
When she it reade, and knewe the entent,

All inwardly, full wonderly dismaied
Withouten worde, she did stande right well
Her harded hart, was full well delayed
What for to do, she knewe not good or yll
You for to helpe, or let you so spyll
Disdayne and Strangenes, did stand then therby
Seing her countenaunce, they gan to drawe nye.

Madame quod they, why are ye so sadde
Alas quod she, it is no maruaile why
Right nowe, of Cupide, a letter I had
Sent from Uenus, full right marueilously
By whiche I haue, perceyued vtterly
That a yong knight, called graunde amoure
Dothe for my sake, suffer suche doloure

That of constraint, of wofull heauines
He is nere deade, all onely for my sake

Shall

Shall he nowe dye, or shall I him relese
Of his great wo, and to my mercy take
Abide quod Strangenes, and your sorowe slake
Haue you him sene, in any time before
yes yes quod she, that dothe my wo restore.

At penticost, nowe many dayes agone
Musike to heare, at great solemnitie
To and fro he walked, him selfe all alone
In a great temple, of olde antiquitie
Till that by fortune, he had espied me
And right anone, or that I was ware
To me he came, I knewe nought of his care

He semed gentle, his maners right good
I beheld right well, all his condicion
Humble of chere, and of goodly mode
But I thought nothing, of his affliction
But his behauoure, shewed the occasion
Of feruent loue, as then in mine entent
I oft did deme, and geue a iudgement

So after this, I did then sone depart
Home to my countrey, where I did abide
When I was gone, full heauy was his hart
As Cupide saieth, I must for him prouide
A gentle reamedy, at this sodayne tide
And for my sake, he is aduenturous
To subdue mine enemies, to me contrarious

A quod Disdayne, knowe ye his substaunce
Why will you loue, suche a one as he
Though he seme gentle, and of good gouernaunce

You shall haue one, of farre hier degree
He is nothing mete, as it semeth me
To be your fere, your fauoure to attaine
What is it to you, thoughe he suffer payne.

Coulde your selfe, let his eyen to haue a sight
Of your beauty, or his hart to be set
What skilleth you, though that he dye this night
You called him not, when he with you mette
And he will loue you, you can not him let
Be as be may, ye shall haue mine assente
Him for to forsake, as in most expedient

Alas madame, then saied dame Strangenes
When he cometh hither, your courage abate
Loke hye vpon him, beware of mekenes
And thinke that you shall haue, an hye estate
Let not graunde amoure, say to you chekmate
Be straunge vnto him, as ye know nothing
The perfite cause, of his true commyng

And in meane while, came to her presence
Dame Peace and Mercy, and to her they saied
Alas madame, consider your excellence
And howe your beauty, hath him so arayed
If you haue him, ye may be well apayed
And doubt you not, if that ye loue for loue
God will sende riches, to come to you aboue.

Will you for loue, let him dye or periche
Whiche loueth you so, with feruent desyre
And you your selfe, may his sorowe minische
That with your beauty, set his hart a fire

your swete lokes, did his hart enspire
That of fine force, he must to you obey
To liue or dye, there is no more to say

Alas quod Peace, will ye let him endure
In mortall payne, withouten remedy
Sithen his harte, you haue so tane in cure
Your hastye dome, loke that ye modefy
Exile Disdayne, and Strangenes shortly
And sende Perceueraunce, as fast as ye may
To comfort him, in his troublous iourney

Then in her minde, she gan to reuolue
The louyng wordes, of Mercy and Peace
Her hardy hart, she gan for to dissolue
And inwardly, she did to me release
Her perfite loue, your great payne to cease
And did exile then from her, to wildernes
Bothe dame disdayne, and eke dame strangenes.

And did me sende, to you incontinent
With this goodly sheide, that ye shoulde it were
For her swete sake, as is conuenient
It is sure, ye shall not nede to feare
The stroke of swerde, or yet the grate of spere
She prayeth you, for to be of good chere
Aboue all men, ye are to her most deare.

Nowe sayed Perceueraunce, I pray you repose
This long nyght, with my cosen comfort
A gentle ladye, as any may suppose
She can you tell, and also well exhort
Of la bell Pucell, with a true report

I thanked her, of her great goodnes
And so we rode, with ioye and gladnes.

Tyll that we came, vnto a manour place
Noted about, vnder a woode side
Alight she saied, for by right long space
In payne and wo, you did euer abide
After an ebbe, there cõmeth a flowyng tide
So downe I light, from my goodly stede
After my paine, to haue rest for my mede.

Then dame Perceueraunce, on the way me ledde
Into the place, where did vs gentillye mete
The lady Comfort, without any dredde
With countenaunce, that was demure and swete
In goodly maner, she did vs then grete
Leadyng vs, to a chamber precious
Dulcet of odoure, and most solacious.

And priuely, she asked a question
Of Perceueraunce, what I called was
La graunde amoure, without abusion
Cosen quod she, he dothe all louers passe
Like as dothe Phebus, in the pure glasse
So dothe his dedes, extolle the soueraintie
Of the darke gyaunres, by highe acthoritie.

When she it knewe, she was of me rycht fayne
Nothing I lacked, that was to my pleasaunce
After my trauayle, and my wofull payne
Good meate and drinke, I had to sustenaunce
We sate together, by long continuaunce
But euermore Comfort, gaue exhortation

To

To me of pacience, in tribulation.

Thinke well quod she, that in the worlde is none
Whiche can haue pleasure, without wo and care
Ioye cometh after, when the payne is gone
Was neuer man, that was deuoyde or bare
Alway of ioye, after his wofull snare
Who knoweth payne, and hath bene in trouble
After his wo, his ioye is to him double.

It may so fortune, that la bell Pucell
Hath diuers frendes, that be not contente
That her fauoure, ye shoulde attayne so well
For you, of them, she may often be shent
But what for that, she shall not her repent
And if her frendes, be with you angrye
Sucker their wordes, and take it pacientlye

Against their yll, do vnto them good
Them for to please, be alwaye diligent
So shall you swage, the tempestcous floode
Of their stormy mindes, so impacient
And inwardly, they shall them selues repent
That they to you, haue bene contrarious
In suche fyrye anger, hote and furious.

Thus by your wisdome, ye shall them so winne
Unto your frendes, that did you so hate
For it is reason, you shoulde obey your kynne
As by obedience, bothe early and late
Make them your frendes, without the debate
For euermore, the spirite of pacience
Dothe ouercome, the angry vyolence.

Be hardy, bolde, and also couragious
For after that, ye be gone from hence
You shall mete, with a gyaunt rigorious
Hauyng seuen heades, of yll experience
You shall subdue him, with your prudence
And other aduentures, shall vnto you fall
Whiche Fame shall cause, to be memoriall

When it was time, I was brought to bedde
So all the long nyght, I endured in rest
With suche a slouthe, it aken was my heade
That my soft pyllowe, I founde a good gest
For long before, I was so oppressed
With inwarde trouble, that I myght not slepe
But oft wake, and sigh with teares depe

Capit. xxxv.

When mornyng came, vpanone I rose
And armed me, as fast as I might
For the for to trauell, vnto my purpose
I toke my leaue, & on my stede I light
Thankyng dame Cõforte, of her chere that nyght.
She with Perceueraunce, in my companye
For the on the waye, we rode full merely

Ouer the hethe, tyll we sawe from farre
A royall castell, ryght strongly fortified
Bulwarkes about, accustomed for warre
On a craggy roche, it was so edified
Walled with gete, so clearely purified

To

To whiche we rode, and drewe nere and nere
Till in our sight, did openly appeare.

A mighty gyaunt. xv. fote of length
With heades seuen, and armed full sure
He semed well, to be a man of strength
Then quod Perceueraunce, ye must put in vre
This daye your power, in honoure to endure
Against this gyaunt, your mortall enemy
Be of good cheare, you shall haue victory.

Besides this gyaunt, vpon euery tree
I did se hang, many a goodly shelde
Of noble knightes, that were of hye degree
Whiche he had slayne, and murdred in the felde
From farre this gyaunt, I right well beheelde
And towarde him, as I rode my way
On his first heade, I sawe a banner gaye

Wherin was written, dissimulation
Whose nature false, is full of flatery
That vnder a fayned commendation,
Can cloke a mocke, and fraude full subtilly
So dothe he loue, deceyue oft priuely
For the blinde loue, dothe perceiue right nought
That vnder hony, the poyson is wrought

And the seconde heade, was a banner blewe
In whiche was written, in letters right white
Delay my name is, that can long eschue
A true louer, with my fatall respite
That loue for loue, shall not him acquite
For euermore, I lye oft in awayte

Loue to delay, and cast him from counsayle.

On the thirde head, in a banner square
Al of reade, was written discomfort
Causyng a louer, for to drowne in care
That he of loue, shall haue no report
But lokes hye, his hart to transport
And I my selfe, shall him so assayle
That he in loue, shall nothing preuayle.

On the fourthe heade, on the helmet crest
There was a streamer, right white, large, & long
Where on was written, with bile of the best
My name is variaunce, that euer among
The mind of loue doth chaung, with great wrong
That a true louer, can not be certayne
Loue for his mede, right stedfast to retayne.

And yet aloft, on the fifte helmet
In a blacke banner, was written enuy
Whose hart euer, inwardly is fret
When graunde amoure, shoulde attayne his ladye
He museth oft, in him selfe inwardly
To let the lady, for to set her harte
On graunde amoure, for to release his smarte.

In a russet banner, on the sixt heade
There was written, this worde detraction
That can open, in a couert stede
His subtile male, replete with treason
To cause a lady, to haue suspection
Unto her true louer, with his bitter tale
That she her loue, from him then did hale.

On

On the seuenth heade, in a banner of riches
Was written, with letters all of grewe
My name truely, is called doublenes
Whiche I do owe, vnto all ladyes true
At a time vnware, my det shalbe due
To graunde amoure, for to make him repent
That he his loue, on la bell Pucell spent.

When in my minde, I had well agregate
Euery thing, that I in him had sene
Bothe of his heade, and of his hye estate
I called for helpe, vnto the heauen quene
The day was fayre, the sunne was bright & shene
Beside a riuer, and a craggy roche
This gyaunt was, whiche spied me approche.

He hurled about, and cast his shelde afore
And toke his axe, of myghty fortitude
That was of length. xx. fote and more
Whiche he had vsed, by long consuetude
To daunce true louers, and their power exclude
I toke my spere, and did it well charge
And with hardines, I made my force enlarge.

I toke my course, and to the gyaunt ranne
On his seconde heade, breaking then asunder
My myghty spere, that he to rore began
With so base a crye, that I had great wonder
His seuen heades so rored, like the thunder
Right from my stede, I light to the grounde
And drew clara prudence, that was whole & sounde

The mighty gyaunt, his axe did vp lift

Upon my heade, that the stroke shoulde fall
But I of him, was full ware and swift
I lept aside, so that the stroke withall
In the grounde lighted, beside a stone wall
Thre fote and more, and anone then I
Did lepe vnto him, strikyng full quickely.

But aboue me, he had suche altitude
That I at him, coulde haue no full stroke
He stroke at me, with many strokes rude
And called me boye, and gaue me many a mocke
At the last he saied, I shall geue the a knocke
That with thy braynes, I shall the trees depaynt
Abide quod I. thou shalt be first full faint.

And right anone, I by me espyed
On the rockes side, twelue steppes full sure
And then right fast, I vpon them hyed
That we were bothe, about one stature
My stre..th I doubled, and put so in vre
The great strokes, that I cut of anone
Sixe of his heades, leauyng him but one

When he felt him selfe, hurt so greuously
He stretched him vp, and lifte his axe a loft
Strikyng at me, with strokes wondersly
But I full swiftly, did geue backe full oft
For to deuoyde, his great strokes vnsoft
When he sawe this, he thought him forlore
With a hideous voyce, he began to rore

The battaile dured, betwene vs right long
Till I sawe Phebus, declinyng full lowe

I auaunced my swerde, that was sure and strong
And with my might, I gaue him suche a blowe
On his seuenth heade, that he did ouerthrowe
When he was downe, he gan to crye and yell
Full like a serpent, or a fende of hell.

WHen I sawe this, as fast as might be
I downe I came, and did then vnlace
His seuenth helmet, right riche for to see
And him beheaded, in a right short space
And then full sone, there came to the place
Perseueraunce, and my berlet also
Alas they saied, we were for you right wo.

But we were glad, when ye had forsaken
The lowe vale, and vp the craggy fayre
For your aduauntage, the hye waye had taken
Thus as we talked, we did se ladies fayre
Seuen in number, that were debonayre
Upon white palfreys, eche of them did ryde
To vs ryght gentilly, from the castell side.

The first of them, was named Stedfastnes
And the second, Amerous puruepaunce
The thirde, was Joye, after great heauines
The fourth of them, was dame Cõtinuaunce
And the fift of them, called dame Pleasaunce
The sixte was called, Report famous
The seuenth amitie, to louers dolourous

And right anone, with al humilitie
They lighte adowne, and then incontinente
Eche after other, they came vnto me

I kissed them, with all my whole entente
Hayle knyght they sayed, so cleare and excellent
Whiche of this gyaunt, our hydeous enemy
So worthely, hath wonne the victory.

Ladyes he saied, I am muche unworthy
So to accept, your great prayse and fame
They prayed me, to kepe them company
I will quod I, or elles I were to blame
They prayed me, to shewe them my name
La graunde amoure it is, I saied in dede
And then saied they, no wonder thoughe ye spede.

No doubt it is, but ye shall obtayne
La bell Pucell, so right fayre and clere
We were with her, exiled by disdayne
And then besieged, in this castell here
With this great gyaunt, more then a whole yere
And you this nyght, if it do you please
In this pore castell, shall take your ease.

I thanked them, and so I rode anone
Into the castell, of olde foundation
Walled about, with the blacke touche stone
I toke there then, my recreation
Among these ladyes, with commendation
And when time came, that they thought best
To a royall bedde, I was brought to rest.

After my wery, and troublous trauayle
I toke mine ease, tyll that it was day
Then up I rose, without any fayle
And made me ready, for to ride my waye

But then anone, into the chamber gaye
The seuen ladyes came, with Perceueraunce
Saiyng they woulde, geue me attendaunce.

And bring me, to la bell Pucell
Where that she is, in her court royall
And likewise, as Phebus dothe hye excell
In brightnes truely, the fayre starres all
So in beauty, and vertue speciall
She dothe excede, any earthly creature
That is nowe made, by fayre dame Nature

We brake our fast, and we made vs readye
To la bell Pucell, on our way to ryde
My stede was brought, I lept vp shortlye
So did the ladyes, they woulde nothing abide
Thus forthe we rode, at the morowe tyde
Out of the castell, with all ioye and pleasure
Forthe on our waye, at all aduenture.

Capi. xxxvi.

SO long we rode, ouer hill and valey
Tyll that we came, into a wildernes
On euery syde, there wilde beastes laye
Right straunge and fierce, in sundry likenes
It was a place, of dissolute darkenes
The ladyes and I, were in feare and doubt
Tyll at the last, that we were gotten out.

Of the great woode, vpon a craggy roche

When

When cleare Dyana, in the scorpion
Agaynst fayre Phebus, began to approche
For to be, at her whole opposition
We sawe from farre, a goodly region
Where stode a palaice, hye and precious
Beyonde an hauen, full tempestuous

Then saied Perceueraunce, beholde ye and se
Yonder is the palaice, gaye and glorious
Of la bell Pucels great humilitie,
A place of pleasure, most solacious
But then we spied, a fende fallacious
Beyonde the hauen, at the sure entresse
Blowyng out fire, by maruey lous wideness

The fire was great, it made the ylande lyght
He rored loude, it semed like the thunder
But as me thought, he was of great might
To knowe his likenes, we were farre asunder
But of the fire, we did often wonder
We asked Perceueraunce, what that it might be
Alas quod she, with fraude and subtiltye.

Of dame Straungenes, and of dame Disdayne
When la bell Pucell, did them so abiect
Because that they might not, reuert agayne
With mortall enuy, they did then conject
To make a fende, in likewise to directe
Syr graunde amoure, wyth the feruent fyre
Of euill treason, to let his desire.

For dame Disdaine, the crafty sorceres
With arte magyke, hath wrought full craftely

Of

Of the. vii. metalles, a dragon doubtles
And dame Strangenes, by her nygromancy
Hath cloſed therin, a fende right ſubtilly
That the fyre encenſeth, by great outrage
But graunde amoure, ſhall it well aſſwage

Beneth this roche, there is well fortified
An olde temple, to the laude and glory
Of wiſe dame Pallas, it was ſo edified
We will ride, vnto it full lightly
And do oblation, vnto her truely
She will vs tell, by good experience
Howe we may ſcape, the brennyng vyolence.

So to the temple, of dame Pallas
Anone we rode, and did light adowne
Of depured criſtall, her whole ymage was
The temple walles, were right olde and browne
And then right ſone, before her highe renowne
Proſtrate we fell, mekely to the grounde
And ſodainely, we were caſt in a ſownde

Thus as we laye, in a deadely chaunce
We thought to her, we made peticion
And all in engliſhe, with long circumſtaunce
She ſhewed vs, all the whole condicion
Of the marueylous, ſerpentes operation
And did ſhewe vs, a perfite remedy
To withſtande, all the craft of Sorcery

And in likewiſe, as the maner foloweth
In depured verſes, of crafty eloquence
Euery thing, vnto vs ſhe ſheweth

And first of all, with all our diligence
These verses we laied, vnto her excellence
But she with crafty, verses eloquent
Gaue vs an aunswere, full expedient.

When golden Phebus, in the first houre
Of his owne daye, began for to domime
The sorceresse, the falle roote of doloure
All of golde, that was so pure and fyne.
Of the best, made the heade serpentyne
And eke therof, she did make his face
Full lyke a mayde, it was a wonders case.

And euery houre, as the planettes raygned
She made the serpent, of the metalles seuen
Till she her purpose, had fully attayned
And when fiue bodies, aboue on the heauen
Went retrogarde, marueylously to neuen
With diuers quartyls, and the mone combust
In the dragons tayle, to let a louers lust.

These cursed witches, disdayne and straungenes
Made the monster, of a subtile kynde
To let my purpose, and all my gladnes
But that dame Pallas, of her gentle minde
Of marueylous herbes, a remedy did finde
And anone a boxe, of marueylous oyntment
She toke to me, to withstande the serpent.

Thus all emmarueyled, we did then awake
And in my hand, I had the oyntment
Cloled in a boxe, of whiche I shoulde take
To anoynt my harneys, for the serpent

Whiche

Whiche shall deuoyde, his fire so feruent
And my swerde also, to cause to depart
Astrothe the fende, so set with Magikes arte.

Then whē the sunne, with his beames mery
Began to rise, in the fayre morowe gray
All about, lightyng our emispery
Exilyng mistes, and darke clowdes away
And when we sawe, that it was bright daye
Nere by the ryuage, at the last we spied
A goodly shippe, whiche vnto vs fast hyed

And right anone, by the riuage syde
She cast an anker, and did vs than hayle
With a peale of gunnes, at the morowe tyde
Her bonet she vailed, and gan to strike sayle
She was right large, of thre toppes without faile
Her boate she made out, and sent to the lande
What that we were, to knowe and vnderstande

That so did walke, by the riuer coast
And with two ladyes, we sodaynely mette
So when that they, were come to vs almost
From their shippe boate, curiously counterfaite
Hayle knyght they saied, nowe from a lady great
Called dame Pacience, we are hither sent
To knowe your name, and all the whole entent

What you make here, and the ladyes all
Truely quod I, ouer this stormy flowde
We woulde haue passage, nowe in speciall
Tary she sayde, it were to you not good

There is a serpent, euill, right fierce, and woode
On the other side, whiche will you deuoure
Nay then quod I, my name is graunde amoure

I haue discomfited, the gyauntes terrible
For la bell Pucell, the most fayre ladye
And for her sake, I shalbe inuincible
Of this great monster, to haue the victory
You haue quod they, demeaned you nobly
And we anone, to our lady Pacience
Will geue of you, perfite intelligence

Thus they departed, and to their boate they went
And the royall shippe, yclipped perfitenes
They did aborde, and then incontinent
Unto dame Pacience, they gan to expresse
My name, mine actes, and all my powers
Ha ha quod she, howe glad may I nowe be
Whiche in this place, may him bothe heare and se

And in great haste, she made them rowe agayne
Towarde the lande, with all due reuerence
For to receyue me, and the ladyes certayne
And so we then, with all our diligence
Entred the boate, without resistence
And did aborde then, perfitenes so sure
Whiche the great waues, might right well endure

And Pacience, with great solemnitie
Did me receiue, and the ladyes also
Welcome she sayed, by hye auctority
I am right gladde, that it hath happened so
That la bell Pucell, must redresse your wo

And on your selfe, with your worthy dedes
Of Fame and her, hath wonne right hie medes

And then their anker, they weyed in haste
And hoyst their sayle, when many a clarion
Regan to blowe, the morning was past
But Affricus auster, made surrection
Blowyng his belowes, by great occasion
So forthe we sayled, right playne southwest
On the other syde, where the Serpent did rest

Howe graunde Amoure discomfited the wonderfull monster of the seuen metalles, made by enchauntment. Capit. xxxvii.

AND at the lande, we ariued than
With all the ladyes, in my company
Whiche to praye for me, sodaynely began
To the God Mars, lodestarre of chiualrye
I toke my leaue, of them full gentilly
And right anone, to finde out my fo
This mortall dragon, I went to and fro.

Tyll at the last, beside a craggy roche
I sawe the dragon, whiche did me espye
And nere and nere, as I gan to approche
I beheld his heade, with his great body
Whiche was mishaped, full right wonderfly
Of golde so shyne, was bothe his heade & face

Full like a mayde, it is a marueylous case.

His necke siluer, and thicke like a bull
His brest stele, and like an Olyphant
His forelegges laten, and of feders full
Right like a Gripe was euery tallaunt,
And as of strength, he nothing did want
His backe afore, like bristles of a swyne
Of the fyne copper, did moste clearely shine.

His hynder legges, was like to a catte
All of tynne, and like a Scorpion
He had a tayle, with a heade therat
All of leade of pliaunt fashion,
His hart stele, without menission
Towarde me he came, roaryng like the thunder
Spittyng out fyre, for to se great wonder.

In his forheade, with letters all of grewe
Was written, my name is malyce prouy
That olde debate, can full sone renue
Betwene true louers, wyth coloure crafty
Agaynst graunde amoure, I shall so fortifye
My euill subtill power, and cursed courage
To let him truely, of his hye passage.

I toke my bore, as Pallas commaunded
And my swerde and shelde, with all my armure
In euery place, I ryght well anoynted
To hardines, I toke my hart in cure
Makyng me ready, and when I thought me sure
I toke my swerde, and with an hardy harte
Towarde the dragon, I began to starte

And

And as I gan, my great stroke to charge
He blewe out so muche fyre innumerable
That on the grounde, I did my might discharge
The smoke was darke, full greatly domageable
And the hote fire, was so intollerable
About me flyng, that vneth I myght
Throughe my vysure, cast abroade my sight.

But the swete oyntment, had suche a vertue
That the wilde fire, myght nothing endomage
Me throughe heate, for it did extue
The Magikes art, with great aduauntage
Causyng the fyre, right well to asswage
And with my swerde, as nothing agast
Upon the serpent, I did strike full fast.

His body was great as any tunne
The deuill about, did his bodye beare
He was as egre, as Grype or Lyon
So with his tallantes, he did my harneyes teare
That oft they put me, in a mortall feare
Tyll at the last, I did his body perce
With my good swerde, he might it not reuerce.

Right therwithall, the dragon to brast
And out there flewe, right blacke and tedious
A foule Ethiope, whiche suche smoke did cast
That all the ylande, was full tenebrous
It thundred loude, with clappes tempestious
Then all the ladyes, were full sore adreade
They thought none other, but that I was deade

The spirite vanished, the ayre waxed cleare

Then

Then did I loke, and beholde about
Where was the tower, of my lady so deare
Tyll at the laste, I had espied it out
Set on a rocke, ryght hye without doubt
And all the ladyes, with perceueraunce
To me did come, with ioye and pleasaunce.

Forsothe quod they, you are muche fortunate
So to subdue, the serpent venemous
Whiche by sorcery, was surely ordinate
You for to slea, with fire so vycious
Blessed be Pallas, the goddesse glorious
Whiche that you taught, a perfite remedye
For to deuoyde, the craft of sorcery.

It was no wonder, though that I was glad
After the payne, and tribulation
That in many places, I right often had
For to attayne, the hye promocion
Of la bell Pucelles domination
Considerynge, in my passage daungerous
All I subdued, to me contrarious

And then ryght sone, with great solemnitie
So forthe we rode, to the solemne mancion
Of la bell Pucelles, worthy dignitie
Whiche was a tower, of marueylous fashion
Replete with ioye, without suggestion
Walled with siluer, and many a story
Upon the wall, enameled royally.

So at the last, we came vnto the gate
Whiche all of siluer, was knotted properlye

Where was a lady, of right hye estate
Whiche vs receiued, well and nobly
And then Perceueraunce, went full shortly
To la bell Pucell, shewyng, euery thing
Of mine aduenture, and sodayne commyng.

Howe graunde Amoure was receiued of la bell Pucell. Capit. xxviii.

When she it knewe, then right incontinent
She called to her, Peace & dame Mercy
With Justice & reason, the lady excellent
Pleasaunce, grace, wt good dame memo
To wayte vpon her, full ententifye (rye
Me to receiue, with all solemne ioye
Adowne her chamber, she went on her waye

And in the meane while, the gentle portteresse
Called countenaunce, on my way then me ledde
Into the base courte, of great wideneſ
Where all of golde, there was a conduite heade
With many dragons, enameled with redde
Whiche did spoute out, the dulcet lycoure
Like crystall cleare, with aromatike odoure.

Aloft the base tower, foure ymages stode
Whiche blewe the clarions, well and wonderfly
Aloft the towers, the golden fanes good
Did with the winde, make full swete armony

Them for to here, it was great melody
The golden towers, with cristall clarified
About were glased, most clearely purrified

And the grauel wherupon we went
Full like the golde, that is moste pure and fine
Withouten spotte, of blacke encombrement
About our fete, it did right clearely shyne
It semed more like a place celestine,
Then an earthly mansion, whiche shall away
By long tyme and processe, an other day.

And towarde me, I did se then commyng
La bell Pucell, the moste fayre creature
Of any faire earthly person liuyng,
Whiche with me mette, with cheare so demure
Of the shinyng golde, was all her vesture
I did my duty, and once or twise twys
Her lippes soft, I did full swetely kysse.

Aha quod she, that I am very fayne
That you are come, for I haue thought long
Sythen the time, that we parted in twaine
And for my sake, you haue had often wrong
But your courage, so hardy and strong
Hath caused you, for to be victorious
Of your enemies, so muche contrarious.

With her faire hande, white as any lillye
She did me leade, into a royall hall
With knottes kerued, full right craftely
The windowes fayre, glased with cristall
And all about, vpon the golden wall

There was enameled, with figures curious
The siege of Troye, so harde and dolorous

The flooze was paued, with pzecious stones
And the roufe, of marueylous Geometry
Of the swete Cypzes, wzought foz the nonce
Encensyng out, the cuill odours mistye
Amiddes the roufe, there shone full wonderlly
A poynted Dyamonde, of marueylous bygnes
With many other, great stones of riches.

So vp we went, to a chamber fayze
A place of pleasure, and delectacion
Strowed with flowers, stagraunte of ayze
Without any spotte of perturbacion
I beheilde right well the operation,
Of the marueylous roufe, set full of Rubies
And tynct with saphers, and many turkeys

The walles were hanged, with golden arras
Whiche treated well, of the siege of Thebes
And yet all about vs depured was,
The cristallyne windowes, of great bzyghtnes
I can nothing extende the goodlines,
Of this palaice, foz it is impossible
To shewe al that vnto me was vysible.

But la bell Pucell, full right gentilly
Did sit adowne, by a windowe side
And caused me also, full swetely
By her to sit, at that gentle tide
Welcome she saied, ye shall with me abide
After your sozowe, to liue in ioye and blisse

You shall haue that, you haue deserued iwys

Her redolent wordes, of swete influence
Degouted vapoure, moste aromatike
And made conuersion, of my complacence
Her depured, and her lusty rethorike
My courage reformed, that was so lunatike
My sorowe defeted, and my minde did modefy
And my dolourous hart, began to pacifye.

All thus my loue, we began to deuise
For eche of other, were ryght ioyous
Then at the last, in a marueylous wise
Full sodainely, there came vnto vs
Little Cupide, with his mother Uenus
Whiche was well cladde, in a faire mantell blewe
With golden hartes, that were perst a newe

And rounde about vs, she her mantle cast
Saiyng that she, and her sonne Cupide
Woulde vs conioyne, in mariage in haste
And to let knowe, all your courte so wyde
Sende you Perceueraunce, before to prouide
To warne your ladyes, for to be ready
To morowe by time, right well and solemnely

We aunswered, bothe our hartes were in one
Saiyng that we, did ryght well agree
For all our foes, were added and gone
Right gladde I was, that ioyfull daye to se
And then anone, with great humilitie
La bell Pucell, to a fayre chamber bright
Did me then bring, for to rest all nyght

And

And she toke her leaue, I kissed her lowely
I went to bedde, but I coulde not slepe
For I thought so muche, vpon her inwardely
Her moste swete lokes, into my hart did crepe
Percyng it thzoughe, with a wounde so depe
For Nature thought, euery houre a daye
Tyll to my lady, I shoulde my dette well paye.

¶ Of the great mariage, betwene graunde Amoure, and Iabell Pucell. Capit. xxxix.

Then Perceueraunce, in all goodly haste
Unto the stewarde, called Liberalitie
Gaue warnyng for to make ready fast
Agaynst this tyme, of great solemnitie
That on the mozowe, halowed shoulde be
She warned the cooke, called Temperaunce
And after that the ewzes Obseruaunce.

With Pleasaunce the panter, and dame Curtesy
The gentle butler, with the ladyes all
Eche in her office, was pzepared shortly
Agaynst this feast, so muche triumphall
And Iabell Pucell, then in speciall
Was vp by time, in the mozowe graye
Right so was I, when I sawe the daye.

And right anone, Iabell Pucell me sent
Agaynst my weddyng, of the saten fyne
White as the mylke, a goodly garment

Braudred with pearle, that clearely dyd shine
And so the mariage for to determine,
Venus me brought, to a coyall chapell
Whiche of fine golde, was wrought euerydell.

And after that, the gay and glorious
La bel Pucel, to the chapell was leade
In a white vesture, fayre and precious
With a golden chaplet, on her yelowe heade
And Lex ecclesie, did me to her wedde
After whiche weddyng, there was a great feast
Nothing we lacked, but had of the best

What shoulde I tary, by long continuaunce
Of the feast, for of my ioye and pleasure
Wisdome can iudge, without variaunce
That nought I lacked, as ye may be sure
Paiyng the swete due dette of nature
Thus with my lady, that was fayre and cleare
In ioye I liued, full ryght many a yere.

O lusty youth, and yong tender hart
The true companion, of my lady bright
God let vs neuer, from other astart
But all in ioye, to liue bothe daye and nyght
Thus after sorowe, ioye ariued aryght
After my payne, I had sport and playe
Full little thought I, that it shoulde decaye.

Till that dame nature, naturyng had made
All thinges to growe, vnto their fortitude
And nature naturyng, waxt retrograde
By strength my youthe, so for to exclude

As

As was euer, her olde consuetude
First to augment, and then to abate
This is the custome, of her hye estate.

THus as I liued, in suche pleasure gladde
Into the chamber, came full priuely
A fayre olde man, and in his hand he had
A croked staffe, he wente full wekely
Unto me then, he came full softly
And with his staffe, he toke me on the breast
Obey he saied, I must you nedes arest.

My name is age, whiche haue often sene
The lusty youthe, periche vnhappely
Thzough the deserte, of the selfe I wene
And euermoze, I do thinke inwardly
That my dedes of youthe, were of great foly
And thou thy selfe, right ioyous may be
To liue so long, foz to be lyke to me.

Happy is he, that may well ouer passe
The narowe bzydge, ouer fragilitie
Of his wanton youthe, bzittle as the glasse
Foz the youthe is open, to all frailtye
Ready to fal, into great iniquitye
Full well is he, that is bzydled fast
With faire dame Reason, till his youthe be past

I obeyed his rest, there was no remedy
My youthe was past, and all my lustines
And right anone, to vs came Policye
With auaryce, bzingyng great riches

My

My whole pleasure, and delite doubtles
Was set vpon, treasure insaciate
It to beholde, and for to agregate.

The fleshely pleasure, I had cast aside
Little I loued, for to playe, or daunce
But euer I thought, howe I myght prouide
To spare my treasure, lande and substaunce
This was my minde, and all my purueyaunce
As vpon deathe, I thought little or neuer
But gathered riches, as I shoulde liue euer.

But when I thought, longest to endure
Death with his dart, arest me sodainely
Obey he sayed, as ye may be sure
You can resist, nothing the contrary
But that you must, obey me naturally
What you auayleth, suche treasure to take
Sythens by force, ye must it nowe forsake.

Alas quod I, nothing can me ayde
This worldely treasure, I must leaue behinde
For earth of earth, will haue his dette now payed
What is this worlde, but a blast of winde.
I must neades dye, it is my natife kinde
And as I was, at this conclusion
To me did come, dame Confession.

With dame Contricion, whiche gan to bewaile
My sinnes great, with whole repentaunce
And Satisfaction, without any fayle
With dame Conscience, did weye in balaunce

Howe

Howe that they might, then without doubtaunce
My treasure and good, so gotten wrongfully
To restore againe, to the rightfull party.

Of holy churche, with all humilitie
My rightes I toke, and then incontinent
Nature auailed in so lowe degree
That death was come, and all my life was spent
Out of my bodye, my soule then it went
To Purgatory, for to be purified
That after that, it might be glorified.

Capi. xlii.

The good dame Mercy, with dame Charitie
My body buried, full right humbly
In a faire temple, of olde antiquitie
Where was for me, a dyrege deuoutly
And with many a masse, full right solemnely
And ouer my graue, to be in memory
Remembraunce made, this little epitaphy.

O earth on earth, it is a wonders case
That thou art blinde, and will not the knowe
Though vpon earth, thou hast thy dwellyng place
yet earth at last, must nedes the ouerthrowe
Thou thinkest the, to be no earth I trowe
For if thou diddest, thou wouldest then apply
To forsake pleasure, and to learne to dye.

Pride.

O earth of earth, why art thou so proude
Nowe what thou art, call to remembraunce
Open thine eares, vnto my song aloude

Is not thy beutye, strength, and puissaunce
Though it be cladde, with clothes of pleasaunce
Very earth, and also wormes fode
When earth to earth, shall turne the bloude.

Wrathe.

And earth with earth, why art thou so wrothe
Remember the, that it vayleth right nought
For thou maiest thinke, of a perfite trouthe
If with the earth, thou hast a quarell sought
Amiddes the earth, there is a place ywrought
When earth to earth, is turned properly
The for thy sinne, to punishe wondersly.

Enuy.

And earth for earth, why hast thou Enuy
And the earth vpon earth, to be more prosperous
Then thou thy selfe, fretyng the inwardly
It is a synne, right foule and vycious
And vnto God, also full odious
Thou thinkest I trowe, there is no punishment
Ordeyned for sinne, by egall iudgement.

Slouthe.

Towarde heauen to folowe on the way,
Thou art full slowe, and thinkest nothing
That thy nature, dothe full sone decay
And death right fast, is to the commyng
God graunt the mercy, but no tyme enlongyng
When thou hast time, take time and space
When time is past, lost is the time of grace

Couetise.

And when earth to earth, is next to reuert
And nature lowe, in the last age
Of earthly treasure, earth dothe set his hart
Inlaciatly, vpon couetise to rage

He thinketh not, his life shall asswage
His good is his God, with his great riches
He thinketh not, for to leaue it doubtles.

Glotony.

The pomped clarkes, with fode delicious
Earth often feadeth, with corrupt glotony
And not hynge, with workes vertuous
The soule dothe fede, right well ententifye
But without measure, full inordinately
The body liueth, and will not remember
Howe earth to earth, must his strenthe surrender

Lechery.

The vile carkasse, set vpon a fyre
Dothe often haunt, the sinne of lechery
Fulfillyng the fowle carnall desire,
Thus earth with earth, is corrupt marueyloullye
And earth on earth, will nothing purifye
Till earth to earth, be neare subuerted
For earth with earth, is so peruerted.

O mortall folke, you may beholde and se
Howe I lye here, sometime a mighty knight
The ende of ioye, and all prosperitie
Is death at last, through his course and myght
After the day, there cometh the darke nyght
For thoughe the day, be neuer so long
At last the belles, ringeth to euensong

And my selfe, called la graunde amoure
Seking aduenture, in the worldely glory
For to attaine, the riches and honoure
Did thinke full little, that I shoulde here lye
Till death did marke me, full right priuely

Lo what I am, and wherto you must
Like as I am, so shall you be all dust

Then in your minde, inwardly despise
The brittle worlde, so full of doublenes
With the byle flesche, and right sone aryse
Out of your slepe, of mortall heauines
Subdue the deuill, with grace and mekenes
That after your life, frayle and transitory
You may then liue, in ioye perdurably.

Capit. xliii.

AND as remembraunce, mine epytaphy set
Ouer my graue, in came dame Fame
With brennyng tongues, without any let
Saiyng that she would spreade about my name
To liue in honoure, without any shame
Though that deade were, my earthly body
Yet my renowne, shoulde raigne eternally.

The power, estate, and royall dignitye
Of dame Fame, in euery region
Is for to spreade, by hye auctority
The noble dedes, of many a champion
As they are worthy, in mine opinion
For thoughe his body, be deade and mortall
His fame shall endure, and be memoriall.

Did not graunde Amoure, with his royall dedes
Winne la bell Pucell, the most fayre lady

And

And of hye honour, attayned the medes
In the demeanyng him, so worthely
Sleyng the great terrible giauntes vgly
And also the fyrye monster vyolent,
Of the seuen metalles, made by enchauntment

About the worlde, in euery nacion
That euermore, he shall abide alyue
Of his great actes, to make relation
In bokes many, I shall of him contriue
From one to other, I shall his name so dryue
That euermore without extinguishment
In burnyng tongues, he shall be parmanent

Hector of Troy.

Unto this day, raygneth the hye renowne
Of the worthy Hector, prince victorious
About is spreade, in euery region and towne
His noble actes, and courage chyualrous.
In full many bokes, right delicious
Unto the readers, who list to geue audience
To heare report, of hys great excellence

Iosue.

And in likewise, duke Iosue the gent
Whiche was right strong, and fierce in battayle
Whose noble feates, hyghe and excellent
I haue caused, with diligent trauayle
To abide in bokes, without any fayle
Who list his story, for to see or here
In the bible it dothe right well appeare.

Iudas Machabeus.

Also the noble and hardy feates of warre
Of Iudas Machabeus, I about haue cast
In euery nacion, for to raygne afarre

Though that his life, out of this worlde be past
His fame shall prospere, and shall neuer waste
Thus with my power, of euery worthy
I spreade his dedes, in tongues of memory.

Dauid.

Did not kyng Dauid, a lyons iawes teare
In his tender youthe, he so hardy was
The lyons crueltye, might nothing him feare
And after that, he slewe great Golias
All in his tyme, he did in honoure passe
And I dame Fame, without any doubt
Haue spreade his name, in all the worlde about.

Alexander.

Also king Alexander, the noble conqueroure
Whose great power, in all the world was knowen
Of me dame Fame, he wanne the honoure
As I my trumpe, after his death haue blowen
Whose sounde aloude, can not be ouerthrowen
Thus in flamyng tonges, all about I flye
Through the worlde, with my winges swiftly.

Julius Cezar.

And of the worthy, Cezar Julius
All about, wyth golden beames bryght
His name shall dure, and be full glorious
In all the worlde, with ardaunt tongues lyght
His Fame shall raygne, he hath it wonne by right
For to abide, and euer to augment
Without en let, or yet impediment.

Arthure.

Also yet Arthur, the good kyng of Britayne
With all his knightes, of the ronnde table
I nowe dame Fame, shall make to remayne
Their worthy actes, hygh and honourable

Perpe-

Perpetually, for to be commendable
In royall bokes, and gestes historiall
Their Fame is knowen, ryght hye tryumphall.

Charles.

And then Charles, the great kyng of Fraunce
With all his noble doulepers also,
As Roulande and Oliuer, of his alyaunce
With all the residue, and many other mo
Their fame encreaseth, runnyng to and fro
The hardy dedes, did them magnifye
Unto me Fame, their names to notify.

Godfrey of Boleyn.

And Godfrey of Boleyn, of hardy courage
That of the paynyms wanne the victory
His worthy actes did theyr strength aswage
Whose fame renowmed is full openly
About the world reygnyng so royally
In stamyng tongues to be intelligible
His most hie actes so much inuincible.

And in lykewyse wythout abatment
I shall cause for to be memoryal
The famous actes so highe beneuolent
Of graunde amoure my knyght in speciall
Hys name shall dure and be eternall
For though his body be wrapt in claye
Yet his good fame shal remayne alwaye

And ryght anone she called remembraunce
Commaundyng her ryght truely for to wryte
Both of myne actes and my gouernaunce
Whych than ryght sone began to endyte
Of my feates of armes, in a short respyte

Whose goodly stories, in tongues seuerall
About were sent, for to be perpetuall.

And thus I Fame, am euer magnified
When earth in earth, hath tane his estate
Thus after death, I am all glorified
What is he nowe, that can my power abate
Infinite I am, nothing can me mate
The spryng of honour, and of famous clarkes
My selfe I am, to renowne their warkes.

Capitu. xliiii.

AND as dame Fame, was in laudation
Into the temple, with marueylous likenes
Sodainely came Tyme, in breuiacion
Whose similitude, I shall anone expresse
Aged he was, wyth a beарde doubtles
Of swalowes feaders, his wynges were long
His body federed, he was hye and strong.

In his left hande, he had an horology
And in his ryght hande, a fyre brennyng
A swerde about him, gyrte full surely
His legges armed, clearely shynynge
And on his noddle, darkely flamyng
Was set Saturne, pale as any leade
And Iupiter, amiddes his foreheade.

In the mouthe Mars, and in his right winge
Was splendent Phebus, with his golden beames

And

And in his breast, there was resplendishyng
The shinyng Venus, with depured streames
That all about, did cast her fyrye leames
In his left wynge Mercury, and aboue his waste
Was horned Dyane, her oppolition past.

My name quod he, is in diuision
As time was, time is, and the time future
I maruaile muche, of the presumption
Of thee dame Fame, so puttyng in bre
Thy great praise, saiyng it shall endure
For to be infinite, euermore in prease
Seyng that I, shall all thy honoure cease.

Shall not I time, destroy bothe sea and lande
The sunne, and mone, and the starres all
By very reason, thou shalt vnderstande
At last shall lese, their course in generall
On time past, it bayleth not to call
Howe by this horologe, it dothe well appeare
That my last name, dothe euermore draw neare.

In my right hande, the great fire so feruent
Shall burne the time, and also minyshe
The fatall tongues, for it is accident
Vnto me time, all thinges to perysshe
When my last ende, I shall accomplishe
And thus in vaine, thou hast thy laboure spent
When by me time, thou shalt be so brent.

In eternitie, before the creation
Of author and man, all thing was bilible
In Goddes sighte & due probacion

Of his godheade, whiche is intelligible
To whom nothing, can be impossible
For in my selfe, a hye and sufficient
Before all thinges, he was refulgent.

Unto whom onely, is apparaunce
Of my last ende, as mine origynall
Was in his light, without doubtaunce
For onely of hym, it is especiall
The hye power, and godhead infinall
The future tence, to knowe dyrectly
Unto whom, it appeareth openly.

I am the lodestarre, to dame eternitie
When man of earth, hath his creation
After the minute, of his natiuitie
He taketh then his operation,
Upon me tyme, at euery season
In the same houre, the worlde was create
Originally, I toke mine estate.

Coulde the nine worthyes so byctorious,
Do all their actes, without time or space
Tyme is a thing, bothe gaye and glorious
When it passeth, with vertue and grace
Man in this worlde hath a dwellyng place
Eyther hell or heauen, without lealyng
Alway he getteth, in his time spendyng.

Withouten tyme, is no earthly thing
Nature, fortune, or yet dame Sapience
Hardines, cleargy, or yet learnyng
Past, future, or yet in presence

Wherfore I am, of more hye preeminence
As cause of fame, honoure and cleargy
They can nothing, without him magnify.

Do not I time, cause nature to augment
Do not I time, cause nature to decay
Do not I time, cause man to be present
Do not I time, take his lyfe away
Do not I time, cause death take his saye
Do not I tyme, passe his youth and age
Do not I time euery thing asswage.

In time, Troy the citye was edified
By tyme also, was the destruction
Nothing without tyme, can be fortified
No earthly ioye, nor tribulation
Without tyme, is for to suffer passion
The tyme of earth, was our destruction
And the tyme of earth, was our redemption

Adam of earth, sonne of virginitie
And Eue by God, of Adam create
These two, the worlde dampned in certainetie
By disobedience, so foule and vycyate
And all other, then from them generate
Tyll peace, and mercy, made ryght to encline
Out of the Lyon, to enter the vyrgyn.

Like as the worlde, was destroyed totally
By the vyrgyns sonne, so it semed well
A vyrgyns sonne, to redeme it pyteously
Whose hye Godheade, in the chosen vessell
Forty wekes, naturally did dwell

Nature wekes, naturally did god of kinde
In the virgyn, he did suche nature finde.

Thus without nature, nature wonderfly
In a virgyn pure, openly hath wrought
To the God of nature, nothing truely
Impossible is, for he made of nought
Nature first, whiche naturyng hath taught
Naturately, right naturate to make
Why may not he then, the pure nature take.

By his Godheade, of the virgyn Mary
His elect mother, and arcke of testament
Of holy churche, the blessed luminary
After the birthe, of her sonne excellent
Virgyn she was, yet alway permanent
Dismullyng the sectes, of false ydolatry
And castyng downe, the fatall herely.

Thus when I tyme, in euery nacion
Raygned in rest, and also in peace
And Octauian, in his domination
Through the worlde, and the peopled preace
Letters had sent, his honoure to encrease
Of all the number, for to be certaine
For to obey him, as their souerayne.

In whose time God toke his natiuitie
For to redeme vs, with his precious bloude
From the deuils bonde, of great iniquitie
His hart was perst, hangyng on the rode
Was not this time, vnto man right good
Shall not I time, euermore abide

Tyll

Tyll that in Libra, at the dreadefull tide

Of the day of dome, then in the balaunce
Almighty God, shall be iust and egall
To euery person, withouten doubtaunce
Eche as they did deserue in generall
Some to haue ioye, some payne eternall
Then I am past, I may no lenger be
And after me, is dame Eternitie.

AND thus as Tyme made his conclusion,
Eternitie in a fayre white vesture
To the temple came, with whole affection
And on her heade, a dyademe right pure
With thre crownes, of precious treasure
Eternitie she saied, I am nowe doubtles
Of heauen quene, and of hell empresse.

First God made heauen, his proper habitacle
Though that his power, be in euery place
In eterne heauen, is his tabernacle
Time is there in no maner, of case
Time renneth alway, his ende to embrace
Nowe I my selfe, shall haue no endyng
And my maker had no begynnyng.

In heauen and hell, I am continually
Withouten ende, to be in extinguissible
As euermore, to rayne full royally
Of euery thing, I am inuincible
Man of my power, shall be intelligible
When the soule, shall rise against the body
To haue iudgement, to liue eternally.

In heauen or hell, as he dothe deserue
Who that loueth God, aboue euery thing
All his cõmaundementes, he will then obserue
And spende his tyme, in vertuous liuyng
Idlenes wil euermore be eschuynge
Eternall ioye, he shall then attayne
After his laboure, and his busy payne

O mortall folke, reuole in your mynde
That worldly ioye, and frayle prosperitie
What is it like, but a blast of winde
For you therof, can haue no certaintie
It is nowe so full, of mutabilitie
Set not your mynde, vpon worldly wealth
But euermore, regarde your soules health.

When earth in earth, hath tane his corrupt taste
Then to repent, it is for you to late
When you haue time, spende it nothing in waste
Tyme past with vertue, must enter the gate
Of ioye and blysse, with mine hye estate
Without tyme, for to be euerlastyng
Whiche God graunt vs, at our last endyng

Nowe blessed lady of the health eternall
The quene of comfort, and of heauenly glory
Saye to thy swete sonne, whiche is infinal
To geue me grace, to winne the victory
Of the deuill, the worlde, and of my body
And that I may, my selfe well apply
Thy sonne and the, to laude and magnifie.

¶ Explicit. The pastime of pleasure.

The

¶ The excusation of the Aucthoure.

Capit. xlvi.

ONto all Poetes, I do me excuse
If that I offende, for lacke of science
This little boke, yet do ye not refuse
Though it be deuoyde, of famous eloquence
Adde or detray, by your hye Sapience
And pardon me, of my hye enterprise
Whiche of late, this fable did fayne and deuise.

Go little boke, I pray God the saue
From misse metryng, by wrong impression
And who that euer, list the for to haue
That he perceyue, well thyne intencion
For to be grounded, wythout presumption
As for to eschue, the synne of ydlenes
To make suche bokes, I apply my busines.

Besechyng God, for to geue me grace
Bokes to compyle, of morall vertue
Of my master Lidgate, to folowe the trace
His noble fame, for to laude and renue
Whiche in his lyfe, the slouthe did eschue
Makyng great bokes, to be in memory
On whose soule, I pray God haue mercy.

Finis.

Imprinted at London by John Waylande, dwellynge in Fletestrete, at the lygne of the Sunne, ouer agaynst the Conduite.

Anno do. M. D. L. iiii.

The. i. day of June.

Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum.